Special Seaside Number – £1000 in PRIZES see page 45

The September

ROYAL

4½D NET

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

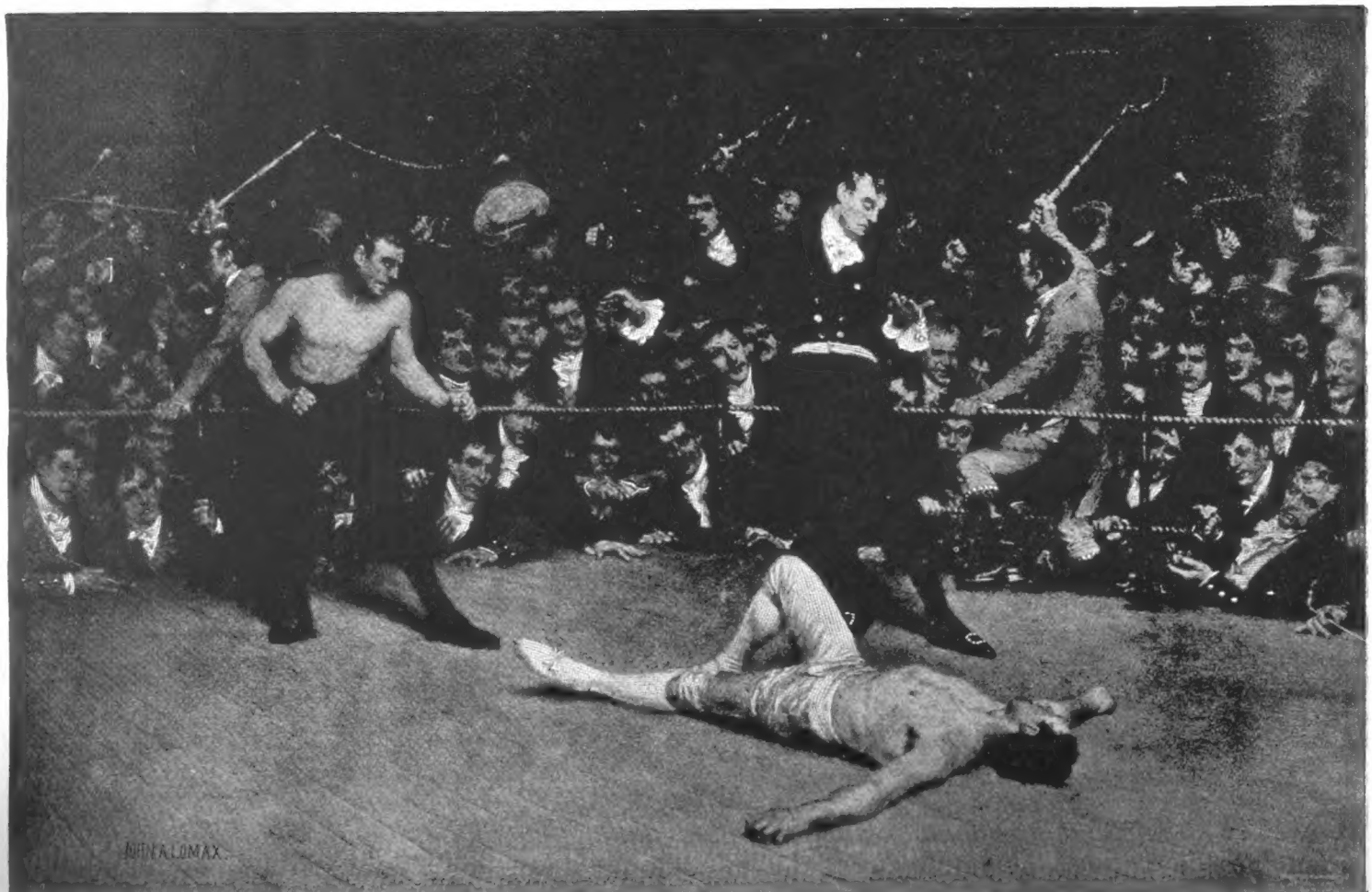
Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Photo *Nichols n & Cartner.*

Come, take your places ere the ship
Sails forth upon a pleasure trip;
It will not be so very far—
Nor stretch beyond the harbour bar;
Only—to make things very plain—
Across two waves and back again!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, **"COUNTED OUT"** *149 New Bond Street, W.*

From the Painting by John A. Lomax

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BATHING for BEAUTY

By Serene Nord.

We are indebted to Messrs. Selfridge for the loan of these charming bathing costumes.

Photo *Mojonier, Los Angeles.*
Miss Serene Nord.

In the following article, specially written for THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Miss Serene Nord, the champion lady swimmer and diver of the world, gives some practical and valuable hints on the taking of the morning dip. Miss Nord, who is a veritable water nymph, has been indulging in swimming and diving since her early childhood—she took her first lesson at the age of five—and holds many swimming and diving records, including that of the world's highest dive for ladies.

Since visiting England I have remarked with surprise that but very few women have realised the fact that fresh air, swimming and diving, taken properly and temperately, form a health cure and beautifier than which there is no finer.

And, better still, from a lady's point of view, they provide a fascinating pastime which, if indulged in regularly and in a common-sense manner, cannot fail to prove an invaluable asset to the acquirement of beauty of both figure and complexion.

So, and I am writing from experience, not from hearsay, I propose to do my best to explain exactly how and why swimming can be made an invaluable beauty and health tonic.

In the first place, it exercises both arms and legs equally, and every muscle is stretched not once but again and again to its utmost limit. This gives grace to the carriage and suppleness to the form, for it does not jolt the muscles and build them up on the limbs in huge unsightly bunches.

Rather does it tend to produce those long pliable muscles which go to the making of a perfect human figure, while, if persisted in, swimming produces the straight shoulders, high chest, and beautifully turned throat which in women are so much admired.

Again, the "kick" in swimming is the finest exercise I know of for correcting structural errors in the hips. If they are too broad, swimming, by pulling the muscles to their normal position, will reduce them to their proper proportion, and, incidentally, the same exercise will develop the muscles of the undersized hip to their correct mould.

As a beautifier of the complexion, too, there is no greater and more potent agent than swimming in either fresh or salt water. The contact of the body with water of a lower temperature than the body heat, at once attracts the blood to the surface. It is Nature's

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Miss Mamie Whittaker, who is taking part in the Alhambra *revue*, is shown wearing an ideal one-piece swimming costume of black wool-stockinette; her dainty little satin cap is trimmed with a bow of striped silk.

protection against cold, and the reinforced heat sends the red fluid gladly where it is most needed.

The blood, forcing its way through minute channels in the skin, hitherto little if ever used, develops these channels into permanent courses, and in time the strengthened heart pumps the blood to them as regularly and forcibly as to the other arteries and veins in the body.

The result is that the red glow that comes of perfect circulation becomes permanent, impurities of the skin are carried away naturally, and blemishes disappear by the same process.

If one always had perfect circulation, blemishes and other skin disfigurements would not appear; in order, therefore, to eradicate them it is only necessary to make the circulation perfect. And to do this, swim.

It goes without saying, of course, that swimming, like all other forms of exercise, may be overdone. For instance, a girl who suffers from a weak heart should, in no circumstances, plunge into water at a lower temperature than the body. Instead, she should enter the water gradually, and accustom her body and her blood slowly to the unwonted temperature.

A sudden plunge in a case of this kind might prove fatal; yet the same case might be either cured or much improved by a course of swimming rightly directed. No one should remain over long in the water; never stay in until "chilled through."

When the feeling of chill develops go to the bathroom, take a shower if you feel equal to it, and then rub, and rub, and rub with the coarsest towel at your command. The cold water has already brought the blood to the surface; the rubbing will help the blood to develop and make use of those tiny skin channels of which I have told you.

Persist in your swimming, and very quickly you will find that the sense of chill in the water is leaving you. Finally, you will be as free from this discomfort as I am, for it is possible to

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

habituate both the skin and the internal organs to even the coldest water, and once this is done, swimming's one discomfort has left you, and you may remain in the sea, comparatively speaking, as long as you like.

I would urge also that you do not take to the water too soon after meals; never on a full stomach. Wait two hours at the shortest before taking your dip. If this rule were observed there would be fewer cases of cramp than are now reported, and the water would not be charged with half the number of deaths

All lady bathers will admire the fascinating attire of Miss Queenie Young, who is playing in *The Marriage Market*. The black satin cloak is lined with coloured sponge cloth, and the bathing dress is of blue and white spotted foulard, trimmed with a deep band of navy satin.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

that are each year lamented on the beaches of our summer resorts.

I would here mention that girls would find it an excellent muscle-building exercise to lie prone upon the bed, or even upon the floor, and for a few minutes night and morning practise the strokes in swimming with both legs and arms. This exercise, I have proved to my own satisfaction, gives a strength and resilience to the muscular system that is altogether delightful, and does much also to ward off the fatigue of everyday life in these hustling, bustling times.

Now for a few words of advice on diving. First and foremost, let me advise lady readers of THE ROYAL who are in search of grace of figure, at all hazards to combine diving with their swimming practice. Indeed, if they are already as graceful as they may wish to be, my advice would still be "Learn to Dive," for this pastime is one which can be indulged in all the year round, and is also one which never

Photo *Elwin Neame.*

Miss Florence Arnold, of the Empire Theatre, has chosen a delightful dress of black Milanese trimmed with red silk, and a smart little cap to match.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

palls. Moreover, its health-giving effect on the system is so exhilarating that when once you have taken it up you will never drop it again.

If you want convincing proof from my own experience that swimming and diving feats have really benefited me, here it is:

From the point of view of good health I think I may say that I am a striking example of the truth of my contention. I was only just five when I first started to learn to swim, and then to learn to dive. Ever since that world weary age I have been taking daily swimming and diving practice all the year round. In the summer, of course, one naturally prefers open-air bathing, while in almost every town of a fair size a good swimming-bath can be found that may be used in the winter.

Does this prove that diving is a healthy exercise?

Well, as I have never had a day's illness in all my life, I think I may say with every conviction that diving and swimming must necessarily be extremely health-giving exercises. I have found, too, that the frequent bathing in which I have indulged has enabled me to dispense with those many facial aids to the toilette which not a few members of my sex these days would seem to regard as indispensable.

I wonder why complaints are so frequently made, especially in towns, that it is impossible to take exercise, or else that healthy forms of exercise are too expensive on account of the club subscriptions, and so on? No doubt, to a certain extent, these complaints are justifiable, but, at any rate, they cannot be said to apply to swimming, which is the cheapest and healthiest form of exercise in the world. And yet how few women are taught to swim!

In conclusion, let me lay down for lady swimmers one or two golden rules which they should never fail to observe before starting on a series of fancy diving.

In the first place, the lungs should be well cleared before diving, by giving two or three hard coughs, or by forcing all the breath out of them — this empties

Photo *Ewin Neame.*

Miss Evelyn Hope makes a delightful sea-nymph in her picturesque costume of striped and plain satin.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

them of all impure air which may be in the cells. The diver should then take two or three long breaths which will expand the lungs fully, and she will find that she can, by this means, remain much longer under water than in the ordinary way.

I have met not a few girls who declare that the reason why they firmly refuse to take up swimming as a pastime is that "a woman never looks her best in a bathing costume." I need only suggest that the best possible refutation of this erroneous statement is the illustrations of this article. Just one little glance at them will, I am sure, be sufficient to prove that the "bathing girl" who will take a little trouble in selecting the particular bathing costume best suited to her, will not have any reason at all to complain of the hideousness of our modern bathing dresses, which, as a matter of fact, are fully as becoming as any morning or evening gown.

A few years ago nothing could be more trying than the bathing-cap which one was expected to wear with an equally ugly dress, but the sight of the charming confections shown here will prove that water millinery can be quite as fetching as land millinery.

Photo Elwin Neame.

The gown selected by Miss Beryl Gwynne, the charming actress in *Not Likely*, is of emerald green Milanese trimmed with fancy plaid silk, with a cap of the same material.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Eleventh hour

"It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!"

By Owen Oliver.

"They are going to hang him in the morning!"

My son's wife said that when the clock struck four, and when it struck five, and when it struck six, and when it struck the half-hours between. She said nothing else all this time.

I said nothing at all, but sat beside her holding her hand.

A little after six Greatorex came in, grey old Greatorex who took Harry into his office at seventeen. He had made him head of the foreign section just before the trouble came, the stunning charge of murder and the bewildering circumstantial evidence.

"You can send me away," he offered, "but I had to come. I—I loved the chap."

"They are going to hang him in the morning," Estelle repeated monotonously. I feared that the end would leave her a madwoman.

"Try to cry, my dear," I advised. "Try to cry."

She laid her head against my shoulder. She had no father and I had no daughter till the boy married her.

"You are like Harry," she said. "He was so good to me; so good and tender. They are going to——"

"Don't, child!" old Greatorex implored. "Don't!"

He wiped his eyes.

"To-morrow morning," she muttered. "At eight o'clock. . . . That was when I used to shake him, and say, 'Get up, old sleepyhead!'"

I felt a big tear start down my cheek. I used to go in and wake him when he was a child. He was such a smiling fellow, and so ready to help father. I found myself laughing crazily.

"It is so absurd!" I heard someone say, and then I realised that it was myself. "Our old Harry who couldn't drown a mouse! A cold-blooded murder! A dirty murder! They ought to see that he *couldn't* do it!"

"They are going to hang him to-morrow morning," Estelle said again.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"If I knew the cur who's leaving him to it, I would hang him with my own hands," Greatorex said fiercely.

Estelle shrieked suddenly.

"No!" she cried. "I would hang him! I!"

She twisted her soft little hands as if they held a rope.

Her brothers came in presently, four burly men, as big as Estelle was small. They squeezed her in their great arms, one by one, and kissed her.

"The fool law!" the Solicitor groaned. "The fool law!"

"Let me give you a draught, Ladybird," the Doctor proposed. "You must have a little sleep."

He did not mean her to wake till it was over. We had planned that the day before.

"No, no!" she cried. "The last hours that we shall wake together!"

"The murderer will wake, too," the Actor said in his sonorous voice. "His conscience may drive him to confess yet." He clenched his hands. "This is life!" he reminded himself. "We manage things better on the stage!"

The Parson held up his hand. He was the best of us, an earnest slum missionary. Some called him a visionary, but I have seen him rescue a man from an infuriated crowd and knock over half-a-dozen roughs in doing it.

"Let us pray!" he proposed, and fell upon his knees.

"O God!" he prayed. "In Thy mercy hear us! Bring the guilty to judgment and save the innocent. Touch the murderer's heart that he may confess, even at the eleventh hour. O God——!"

"There is no God!" Estelle cried wildly.

"Hush!" Greatorex entreated. "Hush, my dear!"

"Ah!" she said, "but I am Harry's wife!"

"And I," I said, "am his father. If I knew the man I would not pray for help to make him confess!"

"Ah-h-h!" The Actor drew a long, fierce breath. "If we knew the man. If we even suspected a man!"

His voice ended in a sound like a snarl. The Solicitor broke his stick across his knee suddenly. The Doctor's teeth grated. The Parson raised his clasped hands.

"Enlighten Thy servants," he prayed, "O Lord!"

"Amen!" cried the fierce voices of five men. Estelle's lips moved without a sound for some time. She pressed her knuckles together and stared at nothing while the clock ticked away two minutes. Then she screamed.

"It is Saunderson!" she declared. "It is Saunderson!"

Greatorex sprang from his chair.

"What made you say that?" he demanded huskily.

"I know it!" she asserted. "I know it! It came into my head while I prayed! It is Saunderson. I know! He keeps coming here and talking about Harry. Sometimes he cries. He says that the thought of it is driving him mad. He says he will do anything for me—anything!—for Harry's sake."

"That is scarcely against him, Ladybird," the Doctor protested soothingly. "He has known Harry for years, hasn't he, Mr. Greatorex?"

"They sat in the same room at the office," Greatorex answered slowly.

"I suppose they were friends?" the Doctor asked.

"No," Greatorex answered, as if he weighed his words carefully. "Their relations were not unfriendly, but I do not think they were intimate. I should not describe them as friends."

I watched his hands closing and unclosing and his frowning eyes.

"No, no!" Estelle said. "They were not friends. He never came to our house till after the trial. He spoke to me in the court, the day that father was ill and couldn't go; offered sympathy; asked if he could help me in any way. I thought it was kindness. Now I know it was conscience. There is a terrified look in his eyes. I am sure. I am sure! You must make him confess. *Make* him!"

The Solicitor shook his head.

"We have nothing against him," he pronounced. "Nothing!"

"Oh, yes!" I said very softly. "We have a suspicion!"

Estelle pressed my arm quickly.

The Doctor nodded, and the Parson prayed quietly. The Actor was watching Greatorex pulling at his beard.

"Have *you* a suspicion?" he asked, "Mr Greatorex?"

Greatorex looked up, like a man who woke from a dream.

"A suspicion," he owned, "yes! I was wondering whether it was big enough to

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

justify my telling you. You are dangerous men to put in motion."

I laid my hand on his shoulder, and smiled at him.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes. Perhaps I am dangerous, too, to-night! Well, I will tell you the suspicion. A week ago I would have trusted Saunderson with all I had. Then I began to notice that he looked strange. There is a queer look in his eyes, as Estelle says. I did not connect his uneasiness with Harry, but with myself. I examined his books. I made out this afternoon that he had defrauded me of a considerable sum. I should have gone to the police, but my mind was full of our trouble. Believe me, I share it."

"Old friend," I said, "I know!"

"Can you connect Saunderson with it?" the Solicitor asked.

"Not directly," Greatorex answered, "only—some of his frauds were covered by very skilful forgeries."

"The letters that convicted Harry!" I cried. "The forged letters. We knew they must be forged! I will go to this scoundrel and take him by the throat till he confesses."

I started for the door, but the Solicitor stopped me.

"Wait, wait!" he advised, "A mere confession with your hand at his throat is no use. He would plead duress and deny it. We want to make him furnish evidence against himself; sufficient evidence to induce them to respite Harry. Can we do it?"

"If I can't," I said, "I'll kill him any way."

"What's the use of that!" the Doctor protested. "Killing him won't save Harry. We want to work on his feelings till he owns up and clears the innocent man."

"His conscience——" the Parson began.

The Actor laughed.

"That's all very well for a play," he said scornfully, "but this is real life, as I have said before. If—if—— I see it! I see it! Dick, give Ladybird a draught to keep her quiet for an hour or so. We'll get the confession out of him, little girl, but we don't want you in it, and we can't leave you worrying here alone."

"No, no!" Estelle refused. "You are making it up to persuade me to be drugged till it's all over. I won't, I won't!" She clung to me. "Don't let him, father!"

"Before Heaven, darling," I declared, "this is no prearranged fiction. Let her hear, Jack. She'll be as good a man as any of us in saving Harry. Only don't hope too much, little daughter."

"Listen then," the Actor commanded, and he told us his plan.

"Oh, Jack!" Estelle said when he had finished. "Oh, Jack, you will save him!"

And then at last she found tears.

"Of course," the Solicitor remarked, "it is a big risk."

"Of course," the Doctor said, "we take it!"

The Solicitor nodded; and Greatorex and I.

"I—don't—know"—the Parson began slowly. His brothers turned to him with astonishment on their faces—"that I can reconcile it with my conscience. I will do it!"

"I will go to Saunderson," Greatorex proposed.

"No, no!" I interrupted. "I will go. I am Harry's father, and should take the first risk. Besides, he knows you and doesn't know me. I must pass as a detective. Charles can fake up a warrant, I suppose?" The Solicitor nodded. "How long will it take you to prepare things, Jack?"

"About an hour and a half," the Actor said, "if I can get hold of my old carpenter, and he's sober. A bit longer if I can't. You stay here with Estelle while we get ready for our little play. I'll telephone when you can go to him."

"Meanwhile," Greatorex offered, "I'll find out where Saunderson is. Then I'll come back and look after Estelle till it's settled."

"Take me there!" Estelle begged. "I want to know directly."

The Doctor shook his head.

"We can't have you there, Ladybird," he objected. "If you screamed his suspicions would be excited directly. He'd know they wouldn't have a woman in the prison."

"Let me be near, then," she entreated. "I must know directly."

"She can sit in a dressing-room," the Actor proposed. "They're well away from the cellars, and he wouldn't hear if she did scream; and she isn't going to. I know our Ladybird."

He patted her shoulder.

"It will be lonely there, old girl. The theatre's empty, of course, or we couldn't do it, and we shall all be too busy to talk to you."

"I want to come," she persisted, and so it was arranged.

Estelle and I were alone for over an hour. Sometimes we discussed her brother's plan, but mostly we were silent. Once she got up and fetched me a cigar.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"He was so pleased that you liked them," she said. I took it, but I put it in my pocket. "And so very, very pleased that you liked me," she added presently, and I took her little hand.

Greatorex was more like his real self when he returned.

"He is in his chambers," he announced. "He has told the servants that he is not going out to-night. You'll find him there all right. He is very restless, I gather. Conscience working. With a little assistance from us it may work better. We're going to succeed, Ladybird. That's just the name for you, my dear. I'm going to use it in future when things have come right. They will."

"Yes," I said, "but don't raise her hopes too much. It may be your money that's on his mind."

"No, no!" Estelle denied. "That wouldn't make him come to me, and cry about Harry. You must make him own it; *make* him! Nine o'clock! Only eleven hours!"

I was rung up on the telephone just before half-past nine.

"All ready," the Actor's voice called. "George is coming for you in a motor. We've rigged him up as a chauffeur for the moment. He's bringing a warrant that Charlie has faked. I say! Look out that he doesn't try to make away with himself when you apprehend him. Dead men make no confessions, you know. By the way, George is bringing you a dummy shooter. Good luck! Mr. Greatorex can bring Ladybird round now, if she *will* come. We'd rather she didn't,"

"She must come," I answered. "We may want Greatorex, and she can't be left alone."

I rang off without giving him a chance to protest. They meant well, but they could not be expected to know what Estelle was going through, or I. I held her in my arms till the motor came. Then I kissed her.

"Dear daughter," I said.

"Dear father," she whispered.

Then George (he was the Parson) gave me a few hints from the Actor about my part, and handed over the warrant, and we went off.

Saunderson refused to see me at first. He repeated the refusal when I sent up word that I came from Mr. Greatorex. He had neuralgia, the servant said, and could not see anyone.

"He'll have to see me," I answered. "I am a detective, and I hold a warrant for his arrest." I held the document before the man's eyes and he took me upstairs. I opened the door and went in. Saunderson rose from his chair, supporting himself by it. He was a thin, pale, sandy man. His eyes looked too large for his head. They seemed to burn, and he twitched continually. I felt no doubt of his guilt, none at all.

"I come on an unpleasant errand," I stated. "I am Detective-Inspector Mallinson."

His hand went stealthily to his waistcoat pocket. I seized it, felt in the pocket and drew out a little pill-box.

"No, no!" I said. "That won't do!" I put it in my pocket. "You are giving yourself away. I'll show you the warrant."

I held it out to him.

"Oh-h-h!" he cried. "It's Mr. Greatorex who——"

He paused, moistening his lips. He was evidently relieved.

"I should advise you to be careful," I warned him. "Anyone might infer from your remark that you had something worse on your mind. However, I won't use it against you. You must come with me, Mr. Saunderson. You can put a few things in a bag, if you like."

He made no protest, but packed his bag and came.

"I don't want to make a show of you," I remarked. "I've come in a private motor, and I won't handcuff you. You're a sensible man, and you will know that you can't escape. It's best to take things quietly. I have a pair of goggles that you can put on after we've started, so that your friends won't recognise you, if they see you going into the police-station."

"Thank you," he said, and, when we had started, he put them on.

They were not ordinary plain goggles, but had strong distorting lenses. We thought that, with them on, he would not distinguish the back entrance to the theatre where I was taking him. Once he was downstairs, the cellars might pass for the prison, and we intended him to think that he had come there.

The precaution was hardly necessary, for he was buried in thought, and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. He did not even notice that the attendants (they were the Doctor and the Solicitor) wore the uniforms, not of policemen, but of prison warders, until he was in the cellar that had been made up with stage properties as a cell. Then I reclaimed the goggles and he gave a cry.

"Where am I?" he demanded, staring up at the warders. He kept repeating the inquiry, but we made no answer while we

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

forced him to change into a prisoner's clothes. (Stage properties, also!) Then we went out and sent the Actor in. He also was dressed as a burly warder. He apologised to us loudly for being late, as if he had just come to take a turn of duty. We watched through the grating which they had put in the door. Greatorex and the Parson, in their ordinary clothes, joined us.

Saunderson grasped the new "warder" by the arm.

"This isn't the police-station!" he gasped. "It's the prison!"

The Actor sat down on a stool and looked at him, shaking his head slowly.

"Come, come!" he protested. "It's no use making out you're off your head. It won't wash. You'd better give your mind to other things."

"I oughtn't to be in the prison!" Saunderson clamoured.

"Well," said the Actor, "here you are!"

"He told me he was taking me to the police-station! He——"

"Who?" the supposed warder asked.

"Detective-Inspector Mallinson. You know him?"

"Never heard of him," the Actor stated. "You've been dreaming. That's what it is!"

"Don't know him!" Saunderson shrieked. "The man who's just brought me here!"

The Actor simulated a laugh hastily checked.

"Just brought you here, eh?" he said indulgently. "In the dream, I suppose? Well, if I were you, I'd go to sleep and dream again! Lie down for a bit and see if you can get a doze. I'll sit quiet and won't disturb you."

Saunderson's eyes seemed bolting out of his head.

"You—you—" he gasped. "You are going to stay with me!"

The Actor nodded.

"I didn't choose the job, you know, mate," he apologised.

"But why are you going to stay with me?" Saunderson asked. His voice was like a wail. "Why?"

"For the same reason as others have been staying with you since the sentence," the Actor said gruffly. "Come, mate! Don't be a fool."

Saunderson's limbs trembled and he sank on the little bed.

"Sentence!" he sobbed. "Sentence! There's some mistake. I haven't been sentenced. I only came in to-night!"

The Actor shook his head once more.

"Look here!" he protested. "It's no *use* playing looney! No manner of use, mate."

"I only came here to-night," Saunderson cried. "I only came here to-night! I must see the inspector. It's a mistake; a horrible mistake! Fetch someone who knows the—the man who was sentenced."

"Look here!" the Actor protested again. "You can make a fool of yourself, if you like—and I don't say you haven't some excuse—but you don't make a fool of me! Buck up and be a man, Haynes!"

Haynes is my son's name and mine.

Saunderson gave a piercing shriek.

"Warder!" he cried. "Warder! There's a mistake! My name's not Haynes. It's Saunderson! Not Haynes! Not Haynes! . . . He's the man who's to hang in the morning!"

"And he'd best meet it game," the Actor advised. "He'd best meet it game. You can't get out of it, matey, whatever your right name is. You're here convicted, and it's got to be. There's nothing to do but to work up your pluck."

"But I'm not Haynes!" Saunderson shrieked. "I'm not Haynes!"

"Well," the Actor said in a tone of mingled impatience and compassion, "you're the man that's here to be—who was sentenced for the murder of Margaret Grey, *alias* Carter, and as such you've got to—got to go through what you've got to."

Saunderson sank in a heap on the floor. The pseudo-warder picked him up and laid him on the bed. He had evidently fainted.

Greatorex wiped his forehead. The Parson sat down on a stool. His face was white.

"If he isn't the man!" he muttered. "My conscience——"

"If he isn't the man," the Doctor said. "Mr. Greatorex will let him go free for the other business. That squares it off. If you can't put your conscience in your pocket, don't put it under the microscope, George. Remember that you're saving Harry and little Ladybird. She'd go mad if he *is* the man."

"He *is* the man," I asserted.

He came to from his faint presently. He implored the "warder" incessantly to send for someone to identify him. At last the Actor grudgingly consented, and rapped upon the door as if he signalled. Three raps—a pause, two raps—a pause, three raps again. The Doctor went stealthily to the other end of the passage, then returned with heavy tread. He also was disguised as a warder.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"What's up, Bill?" he asked. "A bit fractious?"

"Shamming mad," the Actor said testily. "Swears he's only just come in, and has been changed for Haynes!"

The Doctor advanced into the cell.

"Come, come, Haynes!" he expostulated. "No one wants to be hard on you; but what's the *good* of going on like this? It won't alter things."

"Look at me!" Saunderson said huskily. "Look at me! Can't you see I'm not Haynes?"

The Doctor shrugged his broad shoulders.

"You know I haven't been with you," he expostulated. "You know that perfectly well, Haynes. It's no good playing the goat! Don't show the white feather, man! Take my advice, and have a sleep. You don't stand to win anything on this game."

"Fetch someone who has been with me," the wretched man implored. "I mean with Haynes!"

"There!" the Doctor cried. "You give yourself away!"

"I'm not Haynes!" Saunderson repeated. "I'm *not* Haynes. Give me a chance! Give me a chance, I say! Fetch someone who knows him."

"Will you be quiet afterwards?" the Actor asked.

"Yes," he promised. "Yes, yes! I'll be quiet. I'll be very quiet!" he cried like a child.

"Bring Bob Salter," the Actor told the Doctor. "He'll swear pretty stiff at being woke, but that's what he draws pay as chief warder for, and we shan't get a minute's peace till we convince this chap it's no use humbugging."

After a short time the Solicitor went in. He had ruffled his hair and wore no collar, and his braces hung loose. He yawned like a man roused from sleep. Saunderson staggered toward him.

"You know I'm not Haynes," he pleaded. "I've been changed"

The Solicitor grunted.

"Now look here, my man," he said gruffly. "If you wanted to plead that you were mad you should have done it sooner. The time's past, and you can take my word for it."

Saunderson wrung his hands.

"If you know Haynes," he cried, "you know I'm not Haynes. He's a dark man; taller than I, and stouter and younger. You know I'm not Haynes."

"I know a lot of things," the Solicitor said. "And I know two in particular. Whoever you are, and however you got here—and I don't mean to parley about that—you are the man who murdered the woman Grey or Carter, and to-morrow morning at eight o'clock you're going to pay the penalty. Don't deceive yourself that there's any chance of getting off, or that it's any use appealing to the Governor or the Deputy-Governor or anyone who'll be there. They won't listen to you."

"I'm not Haynes!" the wretch screamed. "I'm not Haynes. I'm Saunderson!"

"Then, Saunderson," the Solicitor said "you've about eight hours left to make your peace, and you'd better do it."

"It's a plot," Saunderson declared, "and you are in it!"

"Well," the Solicitor said, "if it's a plot it is one that is going to succeed."

Saunderson argued and pleaded till the pseudo-chief-warder refused to discuss the matter any longer.

"I don't care what your name is," he stated, "or how you've come to justice. You've come, and you won't escape, and you'd best get off your mind what's on your mind."

He went out followed by the Doctor. Saunderson made a rush to the door, but the Actor seized him, and led him back to the bed. He sat there sobbing and shouting and entreating. To the suggestion that he should "own up" and ease his mind he made only one reply. He was "not Haynes! Not Haynes!"

I went upstairs to Estelle. Greatorex was with her. She was pacing the little room wildly.

"It is the day," she said. "The very day. I heard it strike twelve. Can't you make him confess? *Make* him!"

The Solicitor and Parson joined us, and we held a council. I was for putting a revolver to his head and extracting a confession, but the others persisted that our only chance was to go on as we were doing, and try to extort evidence that would not merely hang Saunderson in the end but save Harry now.

We went back to the cellar and watched through the grating, but saw no signs of his making any admission. Every time that the Actor made such a suggestion he simply repeated that he was not Haynes. The Doctor went in at two o'clock to relieve the Actor, but was equally unsuccessful in extracting any confession. Just after three we heard Estelle coming down the stairs. We took

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Which is he? Haynes or Saunderson?" Greatorex looked with set face at the grovelling wretch and answered steadily: "Haynes!" (Page 401, col. 1.)

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

her upstairs again. She knelt to us, and beseeched us to try some fresh plan. The time was so short she said, clasping her hands, "so short!"

We went back and paced noisily outside. This was the arranged signal for the next move. The Doctor pretended to yield to Saunderson's persistent demands to see the Governor. He came to the door and asked "Smith" to fetch him. Twenty minutes later the Actor went in, made up as a military-looking old gentleman with a single eye-glass. No one would have recognised the former warder in his appearance, manner, or voice.

"What nonsense is this, Haynes?" he demanded sharply, and cut short Saunderson's tremulous attempts at explanation.

"I don't profess to know every prisoner by sight," he said, "but the chief warder has been down and identified you. That is sufficient for me. Your story is absurd upon the face of it. You cannot escape your fate by telling a pack of lies. You have enough to answer for. Don't add to it. Clear your conscience of what you can by writing down the truth and easing people's minds. It will ease your own, too, you will find. Come, come, my man! It can't hurt you to confess now. I wouldn't persuade you if there was the remotest hope of a reprieve, but there isn't. Go off with as easy a mind as you can. I'll send the chaplain. God have mercy on you!"

"It rests with you, George," I whispered to the Parson. "Don't let your conscience hang Harry."

"Good old Harry!" the Actor said in his ear.

The Parson knelt down in the passage and prayed for a long time. We looked at one another in suspense. I think we all feared that some scruple might prevent him from playing his part, and we caught our breaths when he rose.

"Guide me, Lord!" he murmured. Then he went in. He signed to the Doctor, who was there as warder, to go out, and the Doctor joined us. We listened and watched through the grating.

"If his scruples hang dear old Harry!" the Doctor muttered. "But it's awful! Awful!"

Saunderson and the Parson looked at each other for a long time. Then Saunderson's wailing voice began.

"You know I'm not Haynes," he sobbed. "You know I'm not Haynes."

The Parson put his hand on his shoulder.

"God," he said solemnly, "knows all things. He knows you for what you are, knows what is in your heart and mine. I implore you to make what amends you can before it is too late. If you killed Margaret Grey, as I believe you did, confess the truth."

"There is nothing to confess," Saunderson screamed. I'm not Haynes. I tell you I am not Haynes. I am *not* Haynes. I am Saunderson. I was in the same office. They arrested me for fraud. That is right. I did it. Yes, that is right. But I am not Haynes. They have changed us. For the love of Heaven, fetch someone who knows us both to identify me. It isn't much to ask for, not much. You wouldn't let them hang an innocent man."

"This is folly," the Parson protested.

"No, no!" Saunderson persisted. "It is the truth. I am not Haynes—not Haynes."

"I think you are quibbling with words," the Parson said sternly. He played his part better than we had hoped. "I do not know what *aliases* you have. Whatever your name, I am convinced that you killed this woman, Margaret Grey or Carter. If that is so, I implore you, in the name of Him whose servant I am, to confess your sin. Wretched man, has no impulse ever moved you to confess? Have you never lain awake at night thinking that death would be a less punishment than the consciousness of your guilt, than the knowledge that your silence might implicate the innocent? Ah! I see that you have thought of that."

Saunderson shuddered and shuddered. His mouth moved, but no sound came. We watched him through the grating.

"He *is* guilty," Greatorex whispered. "I am sure of it now."

"I have been sure of it all the while," I declared.

"He is guilty," the Doctor agreed. "But I don't think he will confess."

"Or I!" said the Solicitor.

The Actor was with Estelle. We were afraid that she would come down to make a useless appeal to the man.

He did not confess or deny, only cried out again and again that he was not Haynes, and implored the Parson to send for someone to identify him.

"Very well," the Parson consented at last. "I will fetch your employer, Mr. Greatorex."

We stared at each other in surprise. This was not in the plan that we had arranged.

The Parson came out and the Doctor went in. He muttered to his brother just outside the door.

"D—— your conscience!" he snarled.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Parson drew a deep breath and passed his hand across his forehead.

"It is not that," he told us. "My conscience is at rest now. He is the guilty man. I have no longer any doubt of it. It hurts me to hound him to death, but it is the only way to save Harry.

"The point is this. He would confess if he felt sure that he must die, but he hopes that at the scaffold the deputy-governor or some one will notice that he is not the man who was convicted, and so disclose the plot which has brought him here. So long as that hope remains we shall not get a confession.

"If we can convince him that everyone is in a plot to execute him instead of Harry, then he may confess. Mr. Greatorex must say that he is Haynes, say it before the supposed governor. After that he may give up hope and make a confession, and save Harry. It is a horrible business. Give me some water."

Three-quarters of an hour later, Greatorex went in with the supposed governor and the Parson. Saunderson grovelled at Greatorex's feet and wept.

"You know me," he implored. "You know me, sir."

"Yes," Greatorex said in a firm voice. "I know you well."

Saunderson laughed hysterically.

"It's all right!" he cried. "It's all right."

"We will not prolong this," the sham governor snapped in his sharp, military way. "You know this unfortunate man, Mr. Greatorex. Which is he? Haynes or Saunderson?"

Greatorex looked with set face at the grovelling wretch and answered steadily:

"Haynes!"

I think none of us will ever forget the shriek that Saunderson gave then!

The Parson went back to him later, when he had recovered from his faint.

"It is a plot," he said feebly. "Haynes's friends have put me here to die for him. You are all in the plot. You mean me to die."

The Parson sat down on a stool beside the bed.

"And since you have to die?" he said. "Since you *have* to die as the murderer of Margaret Grey? Are you the man?"

Saunderson gave a sob, and turned away to the wall.

"Yes," he owned faintly. "I am the man!"

The Parson buried his face in his handkerchief. Outside the grating we gripped one another's hands. Presently the Parson rose and came to the door.

"Paper and ink," he said hoarsely. The Solicitor took them in. He would see, he whispered, that the confession contained sufficient evidence of truth to secure a respite. I went upstairs to Estelle then.

She was sitting in the little dressing-room with her head on the table. I noticed a few grey hairs in the pretty brown, and she was a young thing—only three-and-twenty. Such compunction as I felt for Saunderson vanished when her white, drawn face look up at me.

"Estelle," I said, "Estelle, my darling, there is still hope"

I put my arm round her.

"Five has struck," she said. "Five!"

"George is with him," I told her. "He may induce him to confess. We are sure now that he is guilty. We think—I have hope, little daughter, considerable hope—" she clutched at my arm—"real hope. You have been very brave, darling. Be brave now. He——"

"He has confessed!" she cried. "He has confessed!"

And then, for all my careful preparation, she fainted.

We had the written confession when she came to. She motored with Greatorex and me to the Home Secretary's house, and we persuaded them to rouse him. He was only half awake when he came to us, but his sleepiness vanished when I produced the confession, and told him how we had secured it.

"I know that I have obtained it by force," I concluded, "and that he will deny it, but it furnishes material for proof, and Mr. Greatorex, as I have explained, can furnish more."

He made no comment, but left us for a few minutes—to consult the judge by telephone as I afterwards learnt. When he returned he told us that he had ordered the reprieve.

"You are modern brigands," he said, "and if you do not establish your case the law—— Speaking as a man, I wish we had a few more like you!"

He gave us a permit to visit Harry in the prison. A warder was posting up a notice as we reached the gates. It was headed "Respite," and some loafers were retrying the case. The prison clock in the tower struck seven. Estelle counted the strokes.

"The mercy of God!" she cried. "At the eleventh hour!"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

NOTES ABOUT NUTS

There are lots of what-you-call Nuts—
There are some you just can't call!
But this Nut, and the Miss-Nut
Are the nuttiest Nuts of all!
SUNSHINE GIRL.

BY GWEN NISBET.

NOBODY nowadays, of course, would think of calling a Flapper a "Miss-Nut"; Flappers are either Doenuts or Noisettes—with a tendency towards the latter. Then there are other variations of the species, such as the Summer Girl. However, we are not talking about Flappers so much as their invariable accompaniments, the Nuts.

I have sometimes heard old-fashioned people, who wish to keep up with the times, asking plaintively: "But what is a Nut? How can one distinguish him?" To these the following description may prove useful:

A Nut is a young man; his age usually between nineteen and thirty. His hair is plastered smoothly back, with a liberal application of brilliantine; he is fairly tall, and carries himself with an easy grace that is the envy of all lesser lights; he walks with a swing and a lightsome step, remarkable in these days of bustle and hurry. His clothes do not follow the extreme fashion, and he is never garbed in striking hues or rainbow attire; his hands are strong and capable, and his eye has a merry twinkle. His aim is to enjoy himself and to assist others to do likewise.

He is invariably accompanied by his best girl, who may be either a Flapper, Noisette, or Summer Girl, and they are usually engrossed in each other's society, seldom being seen apart. Next summer she will find a Nut whom she likes better; he will discover a Flapper who is more attractive than she is. However, what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for, and for the present they are together and happy.

There are two kinds of Nuts, the Real Nut and the False Nut. Of course, every true Flapper, whether of Noisette, Doenut, or Summer girl variety, can tell the difference between them immediately. The False Nut is not worth a second glance from the bright eyes of the charming little Flapper; he is merely a cheap imitation.

The False Nut is an obnoxious person, and frequently he affects an eyeglass. He strolls along the parade or beach, giving the Glad Eye right and left, and, alas! that I should have to say it, there are some misguided Flappers who return his R.S.V.P. glances unblushingly.

The False Nut is more obvious to the eye than the quieter Real Nut, and therefore he has come to be represented as the typical Nut. Thus when the word "Nut" is spoken, it recalls to the mind's eye the flashily-attired individual who haunts the parade of seaside resorts, such as Brighton, Ilfracombe, and Margate during the holiday season; but he is not the genuine specimen.

The Real Nut can make love with the best of them, but he is unostentatious in his love affairs, and disdains to make use of the most

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

public seats in the park, or on the beach, for this purpose. Besides, no nice Noisette would accompany him, were he to suggest it. His manly form is to be seen astride a motor-bike, with his own particular Flapper in the sidecar beside him; or on the cricket-pitch, where, having settled her comfortably in a chair, he goes with an easy conscience to bowl "googlies" or to make his century.

The Real Nut does not attire himself, as does the False Nut, in fancy waistcoats of brilliant hues, neither does he sport bow, ties, and socks to match; nor does he carry a cane of thread-like proportions, nor wear a coat which gives him a wasp-like waistline. No, he does nothing remarkable in this way to attract the remarks of the crowd by his general bearing. Then how, you may ask yourselves, can one know that he is a Nut? Ah! that is something which you will have to find out for yourselves, Flappers!

You will find the Nut at every fashionable seaside resort; he is as much a feature of the place as is his contemporary, the Summer Girl; in fact, I think it would be safe to say that were there no Nuts there would be no Summer Girls, and *vice versâ*. He has a certain air of distinction, as he strolls along the promenade, or listens to the band, which singles him out from the casual crowd.

Frequently he is hatless, and his hair-dressing is a triumph of art in its smooth and shining security, which no wind, blow it ever so strongly, can ever hope to ruffle. His attitude is characterised by the calm serenity which o'erspreads his countenance; one feels instinctively that the world is a good place, provided one takes a little trouble with it; and his invariable motto is "Make hay while the sun shines"—in other words, "Have a good time while you can."

He is a charming individual, the Nut, while for his good nature, the Flapper, whose own particular boy he is (for the time being), can vouch. One sees his sun-tanned countenance and humorous blue eyes on every beach, and at every seaside resort during the summer months. Often he is laughing, and appears without a care in the world; consequently he is a pleasant companion. Early in the morning, you will find the Nut on the sands, hurrying to capture a bathing-machine; later, he is to be seen far out at sea, his head a mere speck in the blue distance; and presently he will be found watching the pierrots with his Flapper, immaculate as ever. Afterwards he will probably take her for a drive in his car, or on the carrier of his motor-cycle.

Tea-time will find them at some fashionable tea-shop, she presiding in queenly fashion behind the teapot, while he sits contentedly opposite. Still later they are listening to the band that plays on the moonlit promenade, and perhaps the glamour of it steals over their senses and transports them to a different world; perhaps, too, they wax a trifle sentimental, but everybody's doing it, so why should not they?

Next morning they will have recovered, and the Nut will be seen cleaving the cool green waters with mighty strokes, for he is a keen swimmer. His Flapper looks on with a sort of unattached, aloof air, but she is quite proud of his prowess, nevertheless, though, of course, she would not think of saying so, for fear it would make him conceited.

Even Real Nuts must have some human points about them, and too much admiration is a mistake, the Flapper knows, so she nods condescendingly upon him when

Tea-time will find them at some fashionable tea-shop.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

he returns breathless, after a long swim. Every Flapper has her ideal Nut; but, alas! he is, unfortunately, rare.

There was once a Nut who filled all the proper requirements of the average Flapper; and his Flapper was quite satisfied, and congratulated herself on the success with which she had trained him, for all Flappers, being women, though only very young women, know that the true Nut only attains this distinction through untiring efforts; the untiring efforts of the fair lady who holds his heart-strings between her slender fingers as carefully as she holds the strings of her bag.

This Flapper, therefore, was inclined to look down upon her friends and associates, who were the possessors of less satisfactory Nuts. Alas! for her pride! Next year her Nut had gone, and was, no doubt, gratifying the heart of another Flapper, while ours languished with a somewhat inferior specimen, who bored her to distraction.

She was too much disheartened to set to work and transform him into another perfect example, for she had learnt her lesson, and knew that with the Nut it is a case of here to-day and gone to-morrow, so she decided to conform to the motto, which, as I have said before, constitutes the only rule of life to the Nut—"Make hay while the sun shines." And before the end of the summer she had quite forgotten the Nut of her heart.

There is no moral in this tale; it is merely an example of the happy heartlessness of both Nut and Flapper. They are not as other mortals, but a race apart. For them there is no such thing as to-morrow; only to-day is theirs, and the sun is shining on the blue sea, and the waves are calling. The beach is crowded with happy Nuts and Flappers, joyous and lighthearted. There's no time like the present, and there is no such thing as work. Life is all sunshine and enjoyment.

"Flapper!"

"Well, George?"

"I say, you know, I'm an awful rotter of a chap, really, but you do like me a bit, don't you?"

"Of course I do, George, you old silly. Come on, let's go down to the Pierrots, and you can buy me some chocolates!"

So they go off, quite happily, and nobody hears the groan of the moralist which follows them.

* * * * *

And what happens when the summer ends, and the Flappers go back to school, and the Nuts away to the business of life once more? Do they ever meet again?

Not very often, for by the next summer the Flapper has probably "finished" and left school. And the Nut? Well, he sometimes thinks of her, and wonders what has become of his little friend, the Flapper of last year; but he soon finds another, and who would blame him? For if there is anything more fickle than the heart of man, it is the heart of woman.

And the Flapper? Oh! she has found another Nut, and forgotten him. Which is human nature.

So they go off, quite happily, and nobody hears the groan of the moralist which follows them.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A NEW AND THRILLING SERIES.

Mr. George Pearson.

HANDSHAKES WITH DEATH

A NIGHT OF TERROR ONE THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND.

Written by Margaret Chute, from the narrative of George Pearson, Studio Manager and Producer for the Samuelson Film Co. Ltd.

"THE producer? Oh—he never runs any risks!"

In a Cinema theatre the other day I heard these words, spoken by one of the great general public—the public which seldom looks behind the scenes! Being a producer, I felt I should like to enlighten that same public on certain points, and this brief description of my narrowest escape from death, 1000 feet under the earth, may prove that producers, as well as actors and operators, shake hands with death at times.

When I produced "Heroes of the Mine" for the Union Film Company, the rights for which film are held by Messrs. Pathé Frères, my first problem was to find a mine in which to film scenes during and following an imaginary explosion. After endless trouble, we discovered such a mine in England, and succeeded in obtaining permission from the owners to take several scenes actually underground, instead of faking them in a studio. But the mine-owners refused to take any risks or responsibility.

Was it a risk? Emphatically, yes! We had to work for eight hours in a mine, with exposed arc lamps, thus risking an explosion at any minute from fire damp. Of course, an explosion was not a certainty, for we had chosen our mine carefully, but it was a very active possibility, and you may guess that it worried me, though I took care the actors should not have that additional weight on their minds.

We were only allowed to use the mine after the main workers had left, so we were given from eleven o'clock in the evening until seven the following morning.

We were able to rehearse some of the scenes above ground, but as the actors had not seen their "stage," it was hard to fix any definite plan of action until we were actually in the mine. This meant that we had to rehearse and play several important scenes within eight hours, in strange surroundings, and under very adverse conditions.

At eleven o'clock on a certain Saturday night I stepped into the cage at the pit-mouth, with my operating and electrical staff and several actors. As we shot down 1000 feet, at a breathless pace and in one heart-stopping drop, I realised that it was up to me to succeed, if I could, and that I had eight hours before me in which to perform work that should have taken treble that time.

The cage stopped; we clambered out into darkness, and then a frenzied rush began. Electricians fixed their naked arc-lamps for the first scene—of course, I had been down before and chosen my pitches. Heavy cables containing wires communicating with the electrical plant at the pit-mouth had to be hauled along narrow galleries, and fixed wherever light was needed.

We were carrying our lives in our hands, and everyone worked at fever-speed. Once, as we crawled along a tunnel on our hands and knees, I looked up at the timbers supporting the earthen roof, and saw them cracking in several places!

My players were nervy, and inclined to develop stage fright. Voices sounded weird,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

and reverberated as orders were shouted. Dressed in mining clothes, I arranged and rehearsed the first scene, which was the worst of all. Afterwards, we warmed to our work, and the excitement of that night of terror carried us through.

Nobody rested; when one scene was filmed, we crawled along to our next stopping-place. Our "Meco" men with the smoke apparatus used in mines, formed strange figures, and looked weird and horrible creatures.

Two serious accidents happened, both early in the night, and, strangely enough, from the same cause. I was standing in an open space where several galleries met, directing the electricians in the fixing of the arcs. The actors were rehearsing, the electricians rushed away to attend to a distant lamp, and I was left alone, by a heavy standard, bearing an unprotected light.

Suddenly a pit pony came trudging along, drew near me, raised one leg, and caught it in the cable attached to the arc lamp.

I saw the lamp sway, and swung round, catching it against my shoulders, which was the only way I could bear the weight.

Yelling "Hurry up! Help me!" I brought the staff flying for dear life, and in a few moments the lamp was fixed again, and we were saved! If an unprotected light fell in a mine, a serious explosion would result almost inevitably.

That danger avoided, we went on with our work, only to have it repeated about half-an-hour later. In a narrow gallery another lamp was fixed, and a cart, drawn by a pony, came along.

The cart caught the standard by its leg, and once more the wretched light toppled over. This time two actors rushed forward, flung their arms round it, and managed to hold up the standard—which weighed over a quarter of a ton—until help arrived.

With various slight mishaps, and wonderful luck, on the whole, we went on, hour after hour, until, as the last scene was being filmed, an accident happened which nearly put an end to my career for ever.

Perhaps I was tired and a little slack after the strain of remembering the plot, spurring on the actors, producing the scenes, and fighting unseen dangers for nearly eight hours. Anyhow, I thought I had taken due precautions, but discovered that I was mistaken in my estimate.

In this last scene, the "hewy" in the play, lying injured in the mine, had to be buried by a fall of coal, caused by a supposed explosion. To take this scene, we arranged a real fall of coal.

The actor lay some distance from the camera, and between the machine and the man was a long, clear stretch of floor. Above this, for a distance of a few yards, I arranged that the roof should be loosened. This was done by driving iron spikes into the roof, and attaching them to long wooden levers.

When the scene was filmed, my assistants, at a cue from me, were to press heavily on these levers, thus dislodging the previously loosened coal, which would fall in a solid mass—between the actors and the camera. On the film it would appear that the man was buried beneath a mound of falling coal.

This was the situation: On my left was the camera; facing the camera lay the actor; behind me stood my men, ready to pull the levers at my signal.

"Go on!" I shouted to the actor. "A little more fright—put some ginger into it! More, more—steady, boys!"

This to the waiting "leverites."

"Now, operator, let it rip! Go on, go on; it's getting nearer! Are you ready, boys? More terror, from you!" (To the actor.) "That's the style! Go on—work it up! Now, boys! Let it go!"

The men obeyed me, and above our heads the roof began to shake. I was standing some distance from the camera, intent on the scene, when I heard a warning cry:

"Look out, Mr. Pearson!" I looked up—and saw a mass of coal, immediately above me, breaking loose from the roof. I had misjudged the distance, and was right in the danger zone!

"Don't stop!" I yelled to the operator. "Go on, boys—pull harder—harder! Pile it on, everybody! Now!"

As I spoke, I dodged back, hoping to spring clear of the falling avalanche. But I was too late! I saw the scene completed, as I had wished; I heard the men shouting "Come back!" but I couldn't move! I had to stay till the last second—and I was too late!

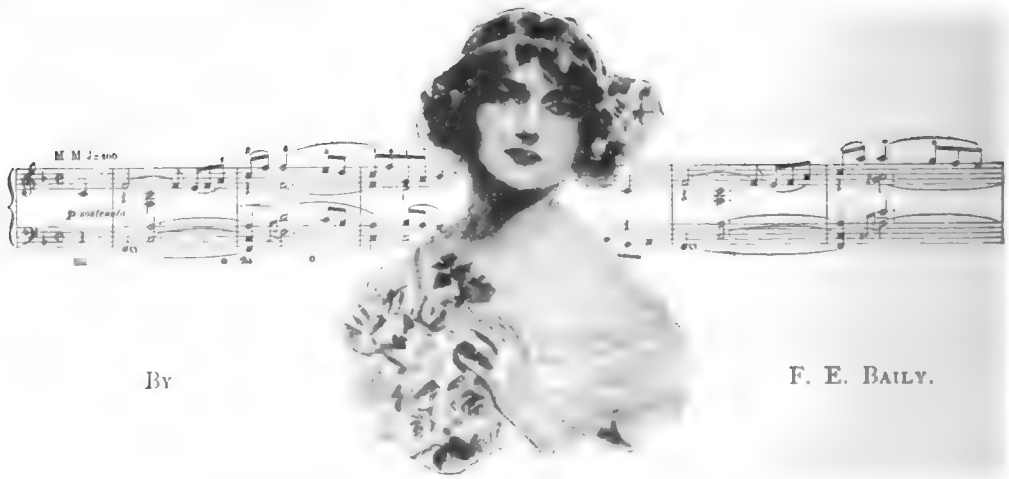
The bulk of the coal-fall missed me, and descended clear of camera and actor, as I had planned. But nearly half-a-ton grazed by me, as I jumped, and pinned me to the ground. I don't remember what happened afterwards until I found myself being dug out, and my staff gasped "He's alive!"

Black as soot, covered with cuts and bruises, I staggered to the cage, and finally breathed fresh air again, after spending eight hours one thousand feet underground!

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The bulk of the coal-fall missed me . . . but nearly half-a-ton grazed by me, as I jumped, and pinned me to the ground.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL STORY ABOUT LADY HILDA.

By F. E. Baily.

III.—THE MAN WITH MUSIC IN HIS SOUL.

If you have already made Lady Hilda's acquaintance you will turn to this page at once. If not, hasten to read about her now. Her adventure with the musical anarchist will make you long to meet her again.

I.

The musical director of the Imperial Theatre raised his arm; the strings, the wood, and the mellow notes of a horn took up the melody; the most beautiful chorus in London lilted, curvetting the while:

Let your legs shyly flirt
Through the slash of your skirt
In their stockings of soft subtle silk—
Little girl!

While your innocent eyes
Hold a hint of surprise
And your smile is as mild as the milk—
Little girl!

That you're shamefully bad
From each amorous lad
Serenely dissemble the truth;
And these are the things you must learn—
Little girl!
In your youth!

Minions in aprons carried scenery about; gentlemen, half way to heaven, fidgeted with eerie lights; the auditorium loomed gauntly through the dust-sheets. Anyone could have seen there was a rehearsal.

Hilda Glaive—once Lady Hilda Risborough, and now the finest dancer on the English stage—talked feverishly with George Buckingham in the wings, her tall beauty garbed in supremely simple black velvet with touches of white at the neck and wrists. In the offing, a distinguished-looking individual apparently a Frenchman of the old school—white-moustached and imperialed, very correct in dress and bearing—looked on sorrowfully.

"But I tell you the costume is atrocious," insisted Hilda. "It's no more Russian than I am. Paoli is a fool—I wonder you don't get someone intelligent to design your dresses. How can I possibly come on looking like the belle of a suburban fancy-dress ball?"

"If mademoiselle would permit me," interposed the courteous old foreigner, "I have the very dress at my home. Perhaps she would do me the honour to inspect it if she could spare the time?"

"Thank you so much, Professor!" exclaimed Hilda with a quick smile.

The Professor bowed, and withdrew a little way.

"Who is that amazingly interfering foreign person?" queried George Buckingham acidly. "Where the blazes did you pick him up, and why?"

"He saw me dance," said Hilda in the still voice of utter fury, "and scribbled a waltz for me on a blank space of his programme your exceptional staff couldn't find advertisements for. I liked it, and sent for him. That waltz and my other dances—also by him—in this ridiculous piece we are rehearsing, are the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

only numbers not absolutely contemptible. You know all this as well as I do."

"Well, well, Miss Glaive, but he simply mustn't design the costumes into the bargain," purred Mr. Buckingham.

"Anyway, I'm going to see that Russian dress at once," she insisted. "Really, Professor Champfleury seems to have a monopoly of charm and civility as far as this theatre is concerned. If I might come with you now, Professor," she ended, turning to him graciously, "I should be delighted."

A shade of embarrassment flickered for an instant over the Professor's countenance. One second later, he was escorting her magnificently towards the stage-door.

II.

"I trust that my Russian costume will please you, mademoiselle," observed Professor Champfleury gravely as the taxi rattled along King's Road, Chelsea. "It would be a privilege to perform a small service for one who has done so much for me."

The cab turned down Oakley Street, and along the Embankment, and stopped finally in front of a block of flats facing the river. They descended, and a foreign attendant, after a brief and murmured conversation with her escort, sped them upwards in the lift to the third floor. Hilda flung round her a glance of recognition. Herr Brodetsky, the distinguished designer of scenery, an old friend of hers, lived in these flats.

Sudden action on the part of Professor Champfleury recalled her straying attention. He was fitting a latch-key to the keyhole of Herr Brodetsky's door.

"Why——" began Hilda

The Professor turned. For one second his eyes hardened into two steel points of menace. Then they recaptured their customary expression of benevolence and respect.

"Mademoiselle?"

Hilda's face became a mask of indifference. Faintly she scented mystery, though no doubt he had rented the flat from the Brodetskys.

"Do let us go in and look at the dress," was all she said.

He led the way to the drawing-room. The windows looked out over the mysterious Thames. They were flanked by broad, alluring window-seats, with a dozen billowy cushions. Hilda sank down in the midst of these, and smiled across at her host. He bowed apologetically.

"If you would excuse me one moment?"

The door closed behind him. She heard the front-door click open, and the low murmur of conversation. A moment later the Professor returned beaming.

"I feared as much," he began. "It was for that reason that I hesitated when you suggested this afternoon for your visit. The Russian dress is not yet back from the establishment whither I dispatched it for small repairs. But I have sent for it, and meanwhile I will play to you if it is agreeable."

Hilda smiled her thanks. He opened a Steinway grand lovingly, and through the flat poured a bubbling, sparkling stream of golden melody. Now it throbbed with ecstasies of eternal passion, now it wailed in a minor key, for the everlasting pain and distress of a despairing world. Musically speaking, Professor Champfleury was an arch-genius.

He looked up and laughed.

"I will play you an air that is no doubt familiar," he exclaimed, "the most beautiful air in the world."

With an infinity of tenderness his fingers strayed into the opening chords of Schumann's "Träumerei."

Hilda knew it well, but never before had she heard it played so exquisitely. She noted a small characteristic variation inserted by the Professor during the last few bars.

He ceased playing, but Hilda, her mind still intent on the music, hummed the closing bars, with the variation, softly to herself. An uneasy expression stole over her host's countenance.

"If you will be so obliging, forget that you ever heard that peculiar variation of the immortal Schumann!" he begged finally. "I should not have played it to you with that addition of my own."

"Why must I forget it? I think it's charming."

"I may not tell you."

"I can never forget it unless you do," declared Hilda, looking distractingly pretty.

The Professor sighed. For a moment he seemed to meditate an outburst of anger. Then he capitulated.

"In this country that air means little. All over the Continent if you whistle the last few bars of it with that small variation"—he played the variation—"some member of a remarkable international brotherhood, numbering its members by the ten thousand, is bound to hear and come to your assistance. No doubt this seems to you extraordinary. Pray do not divulge the secret."

"Of course not," said Hilda. "Isn't that

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

the front-door opening? Perhaps it's a messenger with the costume. Do find out, please, Professor!"

Before he could do so, the door swung back to admit a housekeeper-like woman, bearing in her arms the Russian gala-costume Hilda had come to see. It was the gala-costume of a great lady, stiff with rich embroidery. She examined it rapturously, her eyes sparkling.

Ever and anon the Professor's eyes sought Hilda's throat. Round it were clasped two rows of medium-sized pearls, all perfect and exactly matched. They had been sent her by an Indian ruler who once witnessed her dancing, and were worth anything up to five thousand pounds.

"Perhaps mademoiselle would care to try on the dress?" he suggested.

"Thanks awfully! I should like Paoli to see it and compare it with his miserable creation. It'll go over this frock quite easily."

She shook out the Russian garment, glanced at the close-fitting collar, and, after a second's hesitation, removed her pearls for safety, laying them on the lid of the piano. Then for a happy five minutes she revelled in the gorgeous costume. At length, with a sigh, she removed it, begged that Paoli, the erring designer, might be allowed to copy it, and restored the pearls to their place.

The housekeeper-like woman brought Russian tea in honour of the occasion, and slender, aromatic Russian cigarettes. Soon Hilda departed, wrapped in a cloud of the most charming courtesy, and returned home thoughtfully on foot to her Sloane Street flat.

As she dressed later in the evening, after a dreamy hour by the fire, she examined the slender pearl necklace mechanically, her thoughts elsewhere. Still mechanically, she sought for the little lotus flowers engraved on the gold clasp.

Then her scrutiny ceased to be mechanical. The little lotus flowers were not there; the necklace was not her necklace.

III.

Hilda handed the pearls to her maid.

"I shall not wear these to-night, Cooper," she said casually. "Lock them in the safe and bring me the key, please. And ask cook to hurry dinner. You needn't stay when you come back. I have all I want."

The faithful maid departed. Hilda continued dressing till the key had been brought her, and she was alone once more. Then she pulled a chair up to the fire and sat down, her chin resting on her hand.

"Of course I lost them at the Professor's flat," she murmured. "He must have been very clever—only not quite clever enough. How he got the imitation so marvellously accurate, goodness knows. I should never have found it out if it hadn't been for the clasp, and even that is perfect except for the flowers. What am I to do?"

Her beautiful face hardened, and the hand in her lap clenched slightly. A tap on the door heralded Cooper, bringing the evening post.

One letter came from Rudolf Merion, the celebrated special correspondent of the *Wire*, who loved Hilda passionately, and whom she refused to marry.

I'm afraid I can't come next Friday to your dress-rehearsal, gracious lady (he wrote). They have sent me on a wild goose chase among the rat-burrows of this evil city to discover some foreign anarchist person.

He seems to be a Pole, and he is rather unhappily situated, because his secret society pals want to assassinate him for doing them down on one occasion, and the Russian police want him for killing and murdering some unfortunate gentleman. It would be a distinct scoop for us to unearth the Polish stranger under the noses of his other pursuers.

Hilda folded up the letter with a sigh. Rudolf would have been very useful to her at the moment.

She glanced round in perplexity, and her eyes fell on a complete masculine kit, short wig and all, which lay on a settee. She was to masquerade in this disguise during the forthcoming piece at the Imperial.

The sight of it gave her a plan. She snatched the clothes from their resting-place, and began to crumple a perfectly-cut, carefully-ironed lounge-suit of an irreproachable tweed, in order to take some of the freshness off it and render it less conspicuously new. Then she put on a dressing-gown, and passed into the dining-room.

"I'll go and beard the Professor in his den," she told herself. "I shall be an assistant from Paoli come to look at the Russian costume, I think, and I'll take along that little automatic pistol Rudolf gave me. Then we can argue with Monsieur Lucien Champfleury about jewellery."

Hilda ate an excellent dinner. Within an hour of its termination a slim, fairly tall young man in an inconspicuous but well-made tweed suit, and wearing a soft felt hat, obviously from some Jermyn Street hatter,

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

She . . . glanced at the close-fitting collar, and, after a second's hesitation, removed her pearls for safety.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

sprang up the stairs leading to Herr Brodetsky's flat. He found it in darkness, and no amount of ringing brought any response.

Hilda's spirits fell. She had looked forward a little to the adventure, and she wanted her pearls very badly. Descending slowly to the ground floor, she came upon the foreign hall-porter.

"Do you know when M. Champfleury will be back?" she inquired in deep tones suitable to her disguise.

"Don't know 'im, sir."

"He's taken Herr Brodetsky's flat—number 25."

"No one haf taken number 25," retorted the official loftily. "Herr Brodetsky, 'e return next week."

"But I saw M. Champfleury there this afternoon myself. I'm from Paoli, the costumier."

"No then, you never!" said the porter. "No young gentleman came, because I was here meinself, and, anyway, der ain't no one name of Champfleury in these flats."

Hilda felt she had come up against a blank wall. Then, half because of some wild inspiration, half from sheer absence of mind, she began to whistle the final bars of Schumann's "Träumerei." Instantly the hall-porter pricked up his ears. She put in the variation Champfleury had taught her. The hall-porter raised his hand.

"I didn't know you was one of Us. He's gone to the Restaurant Antonio, in Soho. He ain't living in number 25. He come here and give me the master-word, and ask me what empty flats I got furnished. I let him into Herr Brodetsky's, 'e bein' away, and my wife she pretend she's his servant. He ain't livin' here, and ain't comin' back. I don't know no more."

Hilda nodded.

"All right," she said casually. "I'll go and find him. Thanks!"

She put half-a-crown in the porter's hand, hoping the lower-class members of "Us," whoever "Us" might be, were accustomed to be tipped by the upper. Evidently they were.

"Don't forget," repeated the porter. "Restaurant Antonio in Cathedral Street, Soho. Goot-night."

He turned away, and Hilda disappeared into the darkness.

"Cathedral Street, Soho!" she murmured. "My clothes are too good for the Restaurant Antonio—probably some little den where hard-up foreigners go. An overcoat is what I want—the seedier the better."

In King's Road, Chelsea, she purchased an ill-fitting reach-me-down rain-coat, and, slipping up a side-street, rolled it into a ball, and trampled on it, hidden by the kindly darkness. Next she battered the Jermyn Street hat in the same way, and rubbed the sole of one shoe over the uppers of the other in turn.

Even after brushing a little of the dust from the hat and coat they were still pleasingly disreputable. Hilda, full of satisfaction, put them on, slipped her pistol into the overcoat-pocket, and took a taxi to Cathedral Street, Soho.

She left the cab at the end of the street, and reconnoitred carefully. A shoddy, illuminated sign advertised the Restaurant Antonio fifty yards higher up. Hilda pulled her hat well down, turned up her coat-collar, and slouched towards it.

In the doorway she nearly collided with Professor Champfleury's back. He had evidently left the flat very shortly before she called there, and, coming more slowly on a humble 'bus, had coincided with her at Signor Antonio's establishment.

The Restaurant Antonio is one of those obscure Soho eating-houses chiefly patronised by foreigners of seedy and forbidding aspect. Screens are placed obligingly round the tables by the proprietor because many of his clients shun the light, where they are visible to the police and others having a grudge against them.

Professor Champfleury proceeded to a small table for two halfway down the room. Hilda took a seat opposite him.

On the way thither she noticed a tall and muscular individual, the lower part of his face half hidden by a muffler, and the upper by one hand as well as his hat, the screen round whose table seemed less closely arranged than the others.

He appeared sunk in a black study, but Hilda fancied he shot a swift upward glance at the passing Professor.

Champfleury stared piercingly at the young man in front of him. Hilda kept her hat on, as it was evidently a local custom to eat covered.

She had darkened her complexion with artificial sunburn, and slightly made up the corners of her eyes and her eyebrows, and added lines about her mouth, which, with a short wig, different in colour from her natural hair, and the male clothing, completely disguised her.

She ordered food, and sat considering the next move.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Evidently Professor Champfleury remained a prey to the deepest dejection. He ate little; periodically he sighed, and ran a distracted hand through his hair.

The old saw about cheats never prospering seemed to have been provided with a fresh modern instance, for anyone less afflicted with prosperity, judging from appearances, Hilda had never seen.

In silence they consumed Signor Antonio's very moderate dinner. Both ordered coffee, and lighted cigarettes. After three or four puffs, Hilda shoved her right hand into the pocket of her raincoat, and closed it over the friendly little automatic pistol.

Resting her chin on her left hand, she looked straight at the Professor and whistled the last bars of Schumann's "Träumerei" —with the variation—under her breath.

The colour drained slowly out of his face, and his hand leapt convulsively to his hip pocket.

"I've got you covered. Put your hands on the table!" murmured Hilda.

He obeyed with a little, hopeless shrug of the shoulders.

"So the Brotherhood has found me!" he said softly. "I congratulate you, young sir. Youth will be served! I am becoming an old man, and I think I am very tired. It is a little difficult for one of my years to give you all the slip. What do you propose we should do?"

Hilda's brain reeled. Apparently he took her for a member of the mysterious organisation whose countersign was the air he had warned her against that afternoon. But what its members wanted with him, and why they sought him, she would never be able to guess in a thousand tries. She decided on a swift counter attack.

"I want the pearls you took from Miss Hilda Glaive, the dancer, a few hours ago."

The Professor seemed to shrivel as she watched.

"But—in the name of heaven!" he began.

Then he recovered himself with an effort.

"You speak in riddles, young man! The lady and her pearls are unknown to me."

"It is useless to lie," retorted Hilda. "I know you have them. You substituted false jewels for hers while she was in a flat, which you compelled the hall-porter of Ramsgate Mansions to lend you. Give them to me, now."

"No doubt," he exclaimed bitterly, "the porter—may there be a blight upon him for ever—discovered my secret by some means, and betrayed me. I was unaware that my proscription had been revealed to the *canaille* —the scum, as one might say—of our Brotherhood. I did not know that even hall-porters were in league against me. And what if I refuse, young sir?"

"You will never leave this place alive. I shall shoot you where you sit, and trust to luck to get clear. If I am hard pressed I shall commit suicide."

Hilda's grey eyes glinted like steel. Carried away by the situation, she completely forgot her identity, and imagined herself, indeed, the chosen messenger of a mighty and infuriated secret society.

"See if there is not honour among thieves," he sneered bitterly—"until one refuses to hunt with the pack! You cannot be more than twenty-six at the most, and yet you talk lightly about stepping into eternity rather than that I, who am old enough to be your grandfather, should escape. Well, you may live on. I have not the pearls with me as it happens. What next?"

"Where are they?"

"I absolutely decline to tell you," retorted the Professor, suddenly genial and with his blandest smile. "You may go to the devil, where you undoubtedly belong."

Hilda withdrew her right hand from its hiding-place. The pistol was one of those tiny vest-pocket affairs, but its grim, black muzzle showed distinctly over the edge of the table.

"Where are they?"

Again there came that hopeless shrug of the shoulders.

"They are at my lodgings in Houndsditch."

"Then we will go and get them," declared Hilda. "Pay your bill and walk out. I will follow you. Remember, you are a dead man if you try to escape."

"My young friend"—the weary reply held an infinity of sarcasm—"I realise completely that I am at the wrong end of the pistol."

They paid their bills, and, the Professor going first, left the restaurant. In their wake, to all intents and purposes lost in thought, slouched the tall, muscular individual, who, Hilda thought, had glanced at her companion when they entered.

Hilda beckoned a providential taxi.

"Tell him the address," she commanded.

"Forty-nine Percy Street, Houndsditch," said the Professor.

"Stand with your back to me when you get inside!" Hilda whispered. He obeyed, and she removed a large calibre automatic

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

pistol from his hip-pocket as the cab glided away.

Unnoticed by either of them, the muscular individual slipped into another taxi waiting by the kerb with its flag down, and pursued unobtrusively.

During the long, silent drive, Hilda sat on one of the extra seats with her back to the driver, and never took her eyes from Professor Champfleury. He lay back in a corner, and regarded her ironically.

"I will not accuse you of being an educated youth," he observed indulgently. "Doubtless you are unacquainted with the 'Hymn to Proserpina.' The opening words, 'I have lived long enough,' being obviously appropriate, I will repeat it to you."

He did so with faultless elocution. The final words coincided with the stopping of the cab outside 49 Percy Street, Houndsditch.

"Wait," murmured Hilda, slipping half-a-sovereign into the driver's hand.

She motioned to the Professor, and, still with an ironic expression, he turned the handle of number forty-nine's front-door—for the houses in Percy Street, Houndsditch, do not possess latchkeys and spring-locks—and entered. There was no light in the narrow passage behind the door.

He closed it, and, groping in the absolute blackness, Hilda pressed her pistol-muzzle against the small of his back.

"Strike a match!" she muttered, her heart throbbing in sudden panic.

After an eternity he obeyed, and began to climb the steep stairs ahead of her.

Continually striking matches, he ascended to the second storey, and, opening a door, passed into the blackness behind it, and lit a candle standing on a crazy dressing-table. Sputtering discontentedly, the tiny flame shone out, and revealed the squalor of a small room. Except for the dressing-table, a camp-bed in a corner, a trunk, and odd garments littered about, the apartment was empty.

Hilda closed the door, and leant against it. She felt appallingly frightened and alone, glad of any support, and for a second utterly unable to help herself.

The Professor smiled his sarcastic smile.

"Really, it is the last place in which one would look for pearls, don't you think?" he inquired conversationally.

"Give them to me!" she murmured thickly.

The smile faded from the Professor's face. Suddenly it took on a frightful, inexorable, wolfish expression.

"Do you expect them to fall like ripe fruit into your hand, you fool?" he snarled. "Do you suppose a cornered rat won't show fight? I tell you I am a cornered rat, and those pearls are all that stand between me and extinction. Look at this den!"

He flung out a contemptuous hand.

"Do you imagine I enjoy my surroundings; that I, who have never even considered money all my life, welcome existence in the midst of this sort of thing? Get out of my sight before something terrible happens to you!"

He turned on his heel with a gesture of fury.

"Remember where you are," he flung over his shoulder. "This quarter is the abode of desperate men. There are a dozen in this stye who would murder you for a few shillings. You are too young for the burden the Brotherhood have placed on your shoulders, young sir!" he ended on his old mocking note. "I have seen many men die; it is not an easy thing to do. Take my advice, and go."

In her desperate extremity Hilda's courage returned. The few seconds' respite had been sufficient in which to bring her nerves under control by a supreme effort. She levelled her pistol.

"Give me the pearls, or, as heaven is above, you are a dead man. I am an excellent shot, so you needn't try to rush me. You would never take two steps alive."

For a moment they looked in one another's eyes. Then Professor Champfleury shrugged his shoulders for the last time.

"I was right," he murmured deprecatingly. "I am becoming old; youth will be served; there is no gainsaying youth."

He crossed to an exceedingly well-cut morning-coat, and took the pearls from its breast-pocket.

"Some casual spot invariably makes the best hiding-place," he explained. "Besides, who would expect me to have anything of value, living as I do?"

His contemptuous eyes withered the vile room.

"Put them on the dressing-table, and go to the window," said Hilda. The table stood midway between her and the outer wall. Still mocking, he obeyed. She examined the necklace, always keeping him covered. Little lotus-flowers trailed themselves over the gold clasp. They were her pearls.

The Professor did not even look at her. He had taken a small volume from his pocket, and seemed absorbed in its contents.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Hilda retreated to the door, after placing the pearls in her waistcoat pocket, and buttoning her coat. The key, as she expected, was on the inside. She opened the door, and transferred the key to the outer key-hole.

"I am sorry to bother you," she remarked, turning to the owner of the room, "but will you please get into bed and cover yourself with the bedclothes? You might be tempted to make a scuffle on the landing as I leave, and in that case you would be killed."

The Professor crossed wearily to the bed, and obeyed.

"Really," he confessed, "I would do anything, however ridiculous, to be rid of you. Frankly, you are a very wearisome young man, who exaggerates the charm of his society to an absurd degree. I am only too anxious for you to go."

The click of the lock cut short his farewell speech. Hilda grasped the rickety balustrade, and for a second panted with relief. The Professor was safely locked in his room.

She levelled her pistol. "Give me the pearls, or, as heaven is above, you are a dead man."

Then she turned to face the blackness of the staircase. Not a ray of light penetrated to her. In the house were a dozen men who would commit murder for a few shillings. Between her and the safety of the street lay two flights of creaking stairs.

She set her teeth, and began the journey.

Every stair, in her excited imagination, shrieked to heaven the tidings of her coming. The darkness was so intense that she could feel, almost taste, it. Unexpected angles of the wall struck her and brought her to abrupt stops. She lost all sense of direction, and feared to pass the street level and end in some cellar.

At last she felt the newel at the end of the balustrade in her left hand, and rejoiced to know her journey was nearly at its close.

Between her and the street-door lay only the narrow entrance. Within four paces of safety she faltered; every sense told her that in the blackness beyond a human being lay in wait.

The strain, intense and long-continued, brought her near to the point of collapse. With a gasp, she rushed forward, only to halt, dazzled by a blinding flash of light.

Facing her, an electric torch in his hand,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

stood the muffled, muscular individual of the Restaurant Antonio.

Despairingly, forgetting the unanswerable argument of the automatic pistol in her blind desire to escape, Hilda flung herself at him, the weapon levelled in her outstretched right hand.

The unknown was evidently a man of action. He switched off the light, and in a second had seized her pistol arm in a grip of iron.

Of course, there could be no question as to the result now. No girl, be she ever so strong, can give a man any serious trouble in a rough-and-tumble fight. Hilda, mad with terror, twined herself round her enemy, battled with all her strength, kicked, bit, struggled, and fought like a fury—to no purpose.

A relentless arm encircled her, pinning her left hand to her side, and crushing her against a man's hard, knobbly body. Her pistol was wrenched away, and then the street-door opened and she staggered into the good, fresh air.

Under a lamp her captor examined her with grim interest. Then, with a cry, he started back. To the eye of love no disguise is worth troubling about; deception is impossible.

"My God!" exclaimed Rudolf Merion's voice, hoarse with anxiety, "it's Hilda!"

His clumsy, affectionate, futile hands tried to soothe her, but in vain. At the end of her agony she went to pieces.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she moaned, hiding her face in her hands. "Rudolf, Rudolf, take me home! Everything's so dreadful—I shall never sleep again—never, never, never! Don't leave me, Rudolf, I can't bear it! Oh, please—*please* take me away!"

Gently he led her towards the still waiting taxi. In half-an-hour he had seen her safe at the Sloane Street flat, where the horrified Cooper put her to bed, and telephoned for a doctor.

"It's all right," observed the man of medicine to Rudolf a little later. "Hysteria, due to overstrain. I've given her a sleeping-draught, and I'll send her some valerian in the morning. She'll be quite fit in a day or so—but, what the blue blazes has she been doing?"

"Oh, I believe she's just lost a dearly-beloved aunt, or else it's the strain of modern life. Come and have a drink!" retorted Rudolf Merion, who knew the doctor extremely well.

IV.

The everlasting miracle of sleep did its ineffable work, soothing her lacerated nerves and calming her tired brain, so that forty-eight hours later a white, wan Hilda was giving Rudolf tea in her blue, white, and purple drawing-room.

"What I can't understand," she began, nibbling toast without appetite, "is what you were doing in those beastly places. You didn't imagine red anarchy would burst out in that frightful little restaurant and disclose your desperado, did you? I mean the man you said you wanted to find."

"I have found him—at least, I'm pretty well sure I have. The Professor is my man. All you've just told me about the flat and the hall-porter and the musical countersign only strengthens the evidence. His appearance doesn't tally with the description given to me, but that, no doubt, he arranged for a purpose. I only want one or two more bits of evidence before letting *The Wire* loose on him."

Rudolf Merion's lean, brown face hardened.

"When I think of the way he treated you, who had done so much for him," he went on, "I could strangle him. My dear Hilda, what a bit of luck that I followed you!"

His eyes told her much more than his words. She heaved a little sigh, half pleasure at his emotion, half impatience, because this big, clean, handsome man wanted her so and she could not find it in her heart to surrender.

"Well," she murmured languidly, "you'd better draw those curtains a little, and then step out on the balcony, where you can see and hear without being seen or heard. The Professor will be here in a minute or two."

"What?" snapped Rudolf. "Do you mean to say he dared——"

"Good gracious! Since I asked him, why shouldn't he come? Must you be the only man at my tea-parties, bless your woolly angel innocence? You see, he doesn't know I know anything. He imagines the imitation pearls deceived me, and he didn't recognise me the other night. I'm looking forward to a very dramatic quarter of an hour, I can tell you. There's the bell! Off you go on to the balcony. *Please*, Rudolf!"

The great grey eyes glanced up at him beseechingly. With a gesture half impatience, half deprecation, he obeyed.

Cooper showed in Professor Champfleury—courtly, perfectly turned out, with his close-fitting, tightly-buttoned frock-coat, and silk hat vaguely Continental in shape.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Lovingly his fingers caressed the keys, and on the quiet air trembled that most haunting, beautifully forlorn of melodies—Schumann's "Traumerei."

It was known at the theatre that Hilda had been ill, and her guest offered sympathy with such a perfection of technique that a less impressionable woman than Hilda might well have melted. As no hair of his beard erred in its absolute symmetry, so not a word of his condolences lacked harmony.

For more than five minutes the tea-party proceeded along conventional lines.

Then Hilda launched her bolt from an unclouded sky.

"Why did you steal my pearls when I came to your flat, Professor?" she asked quietly.

He took the blow well. With scarcely a tremor, he surveyed her mildly, almost as a father might survey an unreasonable child.

"Mademoiselle is pleased to jest!" he murmured.

Hilda lifted a little casket from where it lay beside her on the arm of her chair.

"Here are the sham jewels you exchanged for mine," she went on. "The real ones are round my throat at the moment. I congratulate you on the imitation; it is masterly. Except for a design on the clasp, I cannot tell the genuine from the false!"

He brushed away some imaginary obstacle with his left hand.

"I cannot follow mademoiselle in these flights of fancy," he murmured apologetically. "Evidently there is some mystery to which I have not the clue. Perhaps mademoiselle will be so good as to explain?"

"Certainly!" replied Hilda grimly. "I'll explain with the greatest pleasure. You remember the young man who held you up in the Restaurant Antonio, and took the pearls from you in some Houndsditch den? Well, I was that youth. I make up rather well as a man, don't I?"

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the Professor, and there was the bitterness of death in his voice.

"Let me tell you the whole story," went on Hilda, and told it.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The man before her stared out of the window as she spoke, and his thoughts appeared to be far away. She ended, and he came back to the present, speaking with a peculiarly detached air.

"I apologise to you most humbly, gracious lady," he said, with great sincerity. "It is the most unfortunate feature of a series of misfortunes that I was compelled to victimise the only one who has done me any kindness for a great many years. You will permit me to explain:

"Long ago, as a young man, my needs outran my means. I am not without talents, musical and otherwise, and in the end I threw in my lot with a secret society, with endless ramifications on the Continent.

"I came across one of its chiefs in Warsaw—I am a Pole, not a Frenchman as you imagine—and he initiated me. Ostensibly, they were a political association, but I soon saw that the heads of the society played for their own hands most of the time.

"I applauded their attitude, and copied them faithfully. Unknowingly, they served me well till six months ago, when they found me out, and my death was decreed.

"Well, I have too much on my hands to wish for the hereafter just yet, so I disappeared, in order to change my outward seeming, as far as might be, and make a new life possible.

"Unfortunately, I had to shoot the Grand Llama of the whole society in the course of my escape, and that set the police on my track also. You see, he was a celebrated philanthropist, and well known for the sanctity of his private life."

The Professor laughed; it was not a nice sound. Hilda's eyes never left his face.

"Go on!" she murmured.

"I managed to reach England from my hiding-place. Thousands of our excellent comrades were seeking me, regardless of consequences, and the police of Europe lay in wait also.

"My funds were exhausted, for I dared not try to employ my accumulated wealth, on which a watch is kept, and when I sent you that waltz in the theatre one night I was at my wits' end. Thanks to you I have managed to survive till the present, and, believe me, I am grateful to you."

"I believe you are," declared Hilda, "although most people would think I was mad if they were to hear me say so."

"Within the last few days, however, the Press got wind of my presence in this country, and my predicament. That drove me to the last ditch. In my extremity I concocted the somewhat clumsy plan to rob you of your necklace. You will pardon my crude methods—a desperate individual cannot pick and choose.

"The hall-porter at the flats was one of the rank and file of the society. Only a certain section pursued me in order to take my life; we do not take the hewers of wood and drawers of water into our confidence. The same was true of the man who copied your necklace and the furnisher of the Russian costume. Forgive me these details. I feel you have a right to know them."

Hilda inclined her head.

The tragic guest passed a handkerchief over his dry lips. For a moment he was silent. Then, rising, he moved towards the piano.

"Permit me to play you, for the last time, the air which has served you—and me in my time—so well."

Lovingly his fingers caressed the keys, and on the quiet air trembled that most haunting, beautifully forlorn of melodies, hopeless in its sheer magic—Schumann's "Träumerei."

* * * * *

The last chord died away.

"And now," he ended, "I take farewell most respectfully, and I beg you, mademoiselle, to leave me. I have swallowed poison, and my decease is not a fit subject for your eyes."

He still sat at the piano, leaning one elbow on the keys and his head on one hand. A little smile played over his face, already grey at the oncoming of Death.

"Poison?" gasped Hilda. "Help! Rudolf—quickly!"

Rudolf Merion stepped hastily into the room.

The tragic guest raised his head, game to the last, and faced this newcomer.

"Monsieur," he said very slowly and distinctly, "you will be so good as to take mademoiselle from the room."

"I will telephone for a doctor——" began Merion.

"Monsieur, would you keep a dying man waiting?"

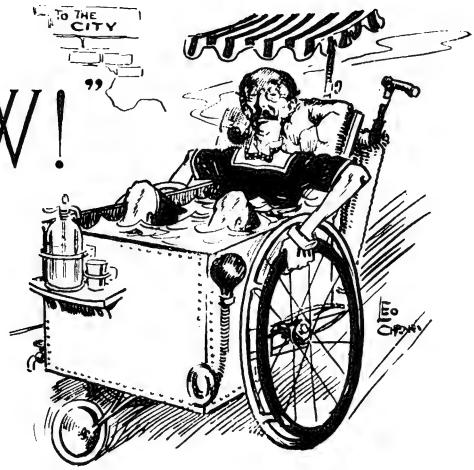
Rudolf, the war correspondent, who had seen many men die, looked searchingly at the figure by the piano. Then he bowed very gravely, took Hilda's cold hand in his, and led her away.

He closed the door carefully behind him, but the room was already empty. Professor Champfleury had been unable to wait any longer.

(Another Adventure of Lady Hilda next month.)

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"PHEW!"



One has only to look at Mr. Cheney's sketch to feel several degrees cooler.

Ideal Summer Costumes Designed by Leading Humorous Artists.

By Sidney Mattingly.

When our English summer shows what it can really do, and the mercury in all the thermometers is boiling in the shade, the burning question is not so much what shall we put on as how much we dare take off—and in this connection it may be confidently claimed that a survey of the beaches of any of our popular seaside resorts will convince the most pessimistic observer that we are not a nation of cowards.

Even in towns and cities, where convention is stricter, men are discarding top-hats and frock-coats for panamas and flannels, and feminine fashion permits shorter skirts and more diaphanous blouses than Mrs. Grundy would have tolerated.

Of course, this is all very well. It is an excellent thing to be cool, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and when the Government have finished the little jobs they have on hand, they might consider the advisability of appointing a censor of costumes. If they don't, anything may happen next time the weather makes up its mind to be really hot.

This costume, designed by Mr. Starr Wood, is suitable for wearing while waiting outside a theatre on *matinée* day. It allows one to sit down at will.

The growing tendency to brevity in costume was exemplified by an extraordinary incident that occurred during the hot spell at the end of last June. It was kept out of the papers, but the facts are leaking out all the same, and though names must be suppressed, the full details should provide a valuable object lesson.

The weather was grilling. It was possible to fry eggs by depositing them for a few seconds on the pavement in the Strand, and the water in

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Individuals garbed in clothing designed by Mr. George Morrow would be very popular with members of the mosquito and gnat tribe.

the fountains in Trafalgar Square was hot enough to shave with. A strike of stokers at the docks was ended by the men returning to their stokeholds in a body because they could not stand the heat outside. It was at this moment that young Lord X. (a distant relative of Mr. X, by the way) threw out an extraordinary challenge to the Earl of Y. It was to decide which of them could walk down Regent Street with the smallest amount of clothes on.

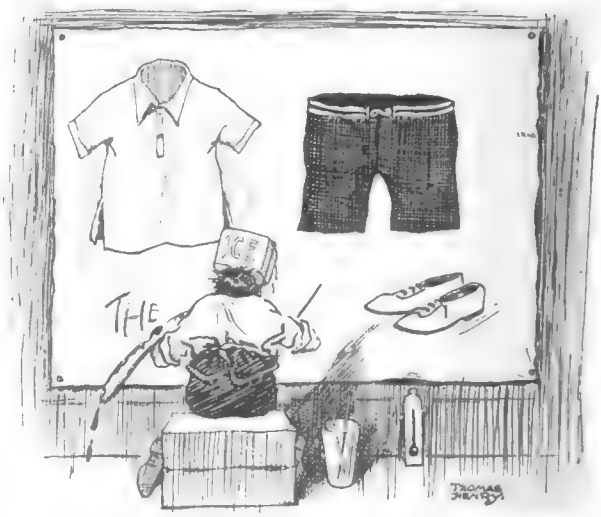
The Earl of Y. eagerly embraced the project, and conditions were duly drawn up. A wager of £1,000 was to depend upon the result, and the journey was to be started and finished between the hours of sunset and sunrise, in the presence of at least two credible witnesses, who were to be neither reporters, members of Parliament, nor actor-managers. In the event of a dispute, the decision of a classical dancer was to be final.

Well, the stake money was put up, preliminaries arranged, and the two competitors proceeded to make their scanty preparations.

Lord X.'s mind was already made up. He had, by a stroke of good luck, the first suit of pyjamas he had ever owned. They were nine sizes too small for him, worn into holes in a dozen places, while the legs barely reached down to his knees. He admits that he gloated over his opponent, feeling certain that no more abbreviated costume could possibly hope to pass a single policeman.

He crossed the starting-line at Oxford Circus at 2.30 p.m., when Regent Street was at its fullest. Barefooted, wearing nothing except a smile, a cigarette, and the dilapidated pyjamas, he accomplished his journey, and was about to enter his motor (which was waiting for him), when shouts and yells and other symptoms of a sensation fell upon his ear.

Unfortunately Mr. Smith's costume is only suitable for sea-side wear.



The view of Mr. Thomas Henry sketching is even more refreshing than the costume he suggests.

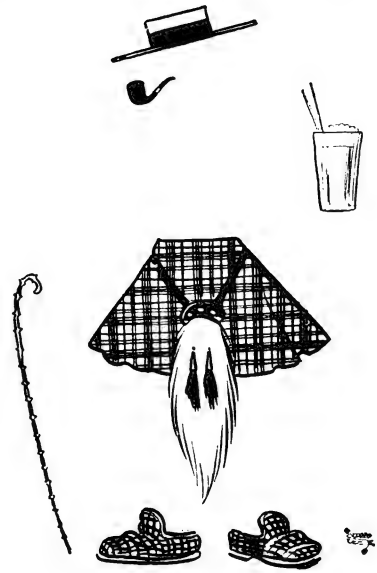
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

He turned his gaze up Regent Street, and he beheld a sight that made his blood run colder than it had done for weeks. It appeared to be an animated laurel shrub, but a second glance showed that from the top of it protruded the smiling countenance of the Earl of Y., and, from below, the bare legs appertaining to the same nobleman. It walked at a brisk pace, unmindful of the excitement it was causing, and of the fact that the crowd that thronged around was busily plucking the leaves off the laurel shrub as souvenirs of the occasion.

Lord X., who had counted the £1,000 already won, was shaken in his confidence, but did not despair. He briefed a well-known K.C. to argue the point before the referee, and to lay emphasis on the fact that the laurel shrub was not clothing within the meaning of the Act. But it was all in vain, for the decision was that, a laurel shrub not being clothing, the Earl of Y. had, therefore, in effect walked down Regent Street with nothing on at all, and was consequently the winner.

The story, as I say, is leaking out, and several music-hall managers have got hold of it. The victorious nobleman is notoriously impecunious, and, when he has run through his winnings, it is by no means improbable that "The Earl of Y. with a Laurel Shrub" may figure prominently in the autumn bills of the Polyseum or Colladium.

Many people suffer from the same delusion as the gentleman in Esmond's sketch—that the actual costume will look as well as the design. This is a fallacy.



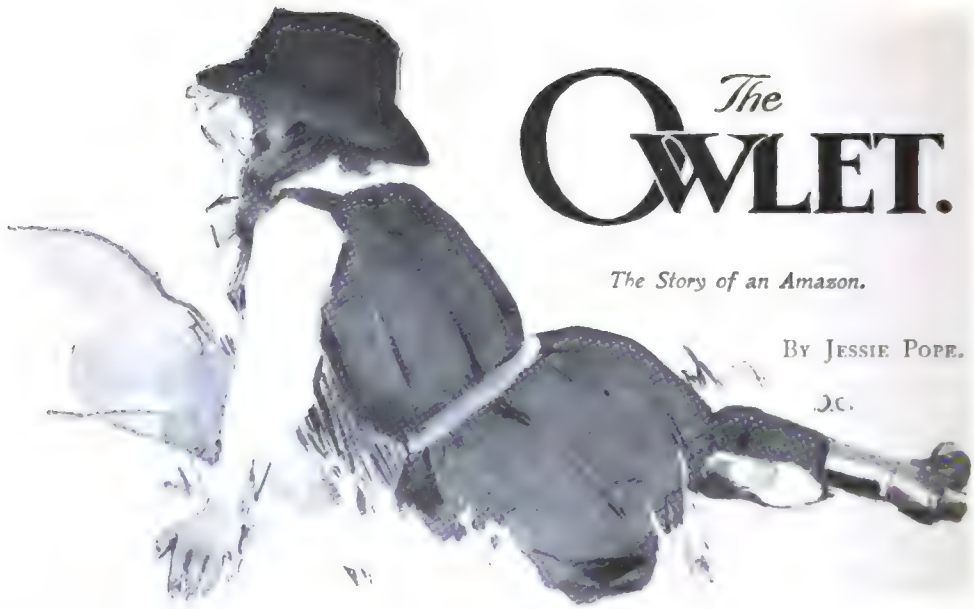
Mr. Leete's conception of an appropriate costume is truly ideal.

His recipe for keeping cool is one that will hardly commend itself to the world at large. There are other ideas suggested here pictorially, less bizarre, but equally effective.

For those who are too conventional to discard the top-hat altogether, the idea of inserting a flower-pot in the crown, where some shady plant may be grown, is a brilliant idea.

The Scotch costume, too, is to be commended. The artist wishes it to be clearly understood, however, that the liquid portrayed in the tumbler is nothing stronger than lime-juice. All business men—and women, too—will envy the man who is able to travel to town in the style chosen by Mr. Cheney; while the floating deck-chair is to be highly recommended for sea-side and river use.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Owlet.

The Story of an Amazon.

By Jessie Pope.

"Talking about girls," said Halliday minor, "they're all right in their place, but when it comes to games, they're a bally nuisance."

"And the worst of it is," said Simms, "they're so jolly keen you can't shake 'em off."

"I know," observed Halliday, "and that reminds me of a lot of trouble we had with a small-sized flapper last vac. It's not a bad yarn, really, if you chaps would like to hear it."

"We might," replied Manningtree grudgingly, "if it's not too long or too dreary."

"Well," said Halliday, "the dreary part comes first, when I had the rotten luck not to be taken with my people to Norway because the pater said the tour was going to cost him quite enough as it was. I was shunted off to a village in Somerset to stay with a chap called Duncan Fergusson, whose half-brother was a Doctor of the place.

"Of course, there was a lot of difference in their ages—the Doctor being more than thirty, and the other chap about my age—but they were both carrotty and had big chins and short tempers, and got across each other pretty often. Not that we showed up indoors more than we could help, for the weather was topping, and there were several other chaps round about at a loose end, too.

"Besides Duncan and me, there was Wykes, who lived at the Grange, a sidey sort of chap who believed in gassing a lot and doing a little, and the two Pettifers, who came from the Rectory, and were going to be parsons themselves, or so they said but I doubt it.

"Then there was a cousin of Wykes' named Clutterbuck, but we called him Bacon for short, because he was fond of his grub. Taking them altogether, they were a decent crowd, and the cricket pitch in the meadow at the back of the Doctor's garden might have been worse, so we managed to get a good bit of sport in one way or another.

"I hadn't been down there more than a day or two, however, before I found the most important person in the place was a widow. She was the rummiest sort of widow I ever came across. Instead of being in black and always blubbing, she was young and good-looking and frightfully fashionable.

"She had a silly little childish way of talking, and funny little ways of putting her head on one side and flourishing her hands about like a Frenchwoman that got round most people, including the Doctor, though I don't know why. She also had a kid, a girl, about nine years old; her name was Mirabel, and, as if that wasn't rough luck enough for her, the widow used to call her 'Little Sunshine,' which was about the rottenest nickname she could have struck for such a lanky, sallow, silent kid, with nothing particular in her face except two big, solemn black eyes.

"We called her the Owlet—and it fitted her to a T. It was a bit of a smack in the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

eye to the widow to have a plain-looking little flapper who wouldn't show off to company, and when the holidays came—for the Owlet went to boarding school — it was pretty clear she found her a bit heavy in hand.

"One morning when I saw them both walking up the path to the Doctor's front door, I thought the kid had come to have a tooth out or her ears syringed, or something, but Duncan had his doubts.

"'Look here, boys,' said the Doctor, when he had finally dragged himself away from seeing the widow off at the garden gate, 'Mirabel is coming to play cricket with you in the meadow. Mind you look after her.'

"'Oh, we don't want any kids,' said Duncan, sticking out his chin.

"'Why, you are only a kid yourself,' said the Doctor, following suit.

"'Well, I mean we don't want *girl* kids, anyhow,' declared Duncan. 'Why can't she thread beads or dress dolls or play with a teddy-bear, like the rest of them?'

"'That doesn't appeal to her,' said the Doctor. 'She wants to play boys' games.'

"'Well, I don't see why *we* should have the nuisance of her,' grumbled Duncan.

"'Nuisance or not,' said the Doctor, 'you've got to put up with it. Do you understand me?'

"Duncan nodded. He knew when his half-brother spoke in that voice he'd jolly well got to—the Doctor was a hefty chap and as obstinate as a mule, though the way the widow twisted him round her finger was enough to make a cat laugh. Of course, it just suited her to turn the Owlet down on us, and it gave her and the Doctor the excuse for coming down to the meadow pretty often to see how the practice was getting on, though they generally only stopped about five minutes, and then strolled off together.

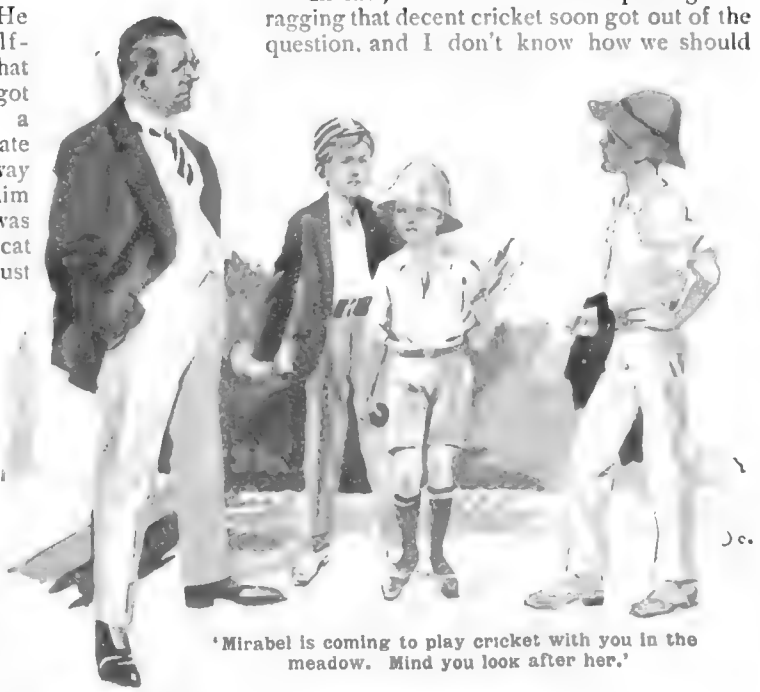
"Duncan worried a good deal about what the other chaps would think of having a girl tied on to us, but they didn't take much notice of her.

"Neither did Duncan. He put her out in the country to field, and there she stood looking more like an owlet than ever in her old brown overall with her lanky legs and her big, solemn black eyes. But she was just as keen as mustard on the game, and it was as good as a play to see her after the ball, though her throwing-in was a trifle footling, to say the best of it.

"Duncan always said: 'Give girls an inch and they'll take an ell, or try to,' and the Owlet proved it the very first morning, when Duncan called out 'Anybody else want an innings?' at the end of the practice. Nobody seemed keen; most of the chaps wanted to go home to their grub, particularly Bacon, but when old Duncan put the question, the Owlet came up and held out her hand, in a shy sort of way, for the bat.

"I would have let the kid have a knock, but Duncan just looked over her head and said: 'None of you chaps want another knock? Right-oh—we'll pull up stumps,' which we did. The Owlet took it quite cheerfully, and, though she turned up for practice every morning, she never asked for an innings again, though personally she deserved one far more than that gassy brute Wykes, whose wicket-keeping was a scandal.

"In fact, there was so much sparring and ragging that decent cricket soon got out of the question, and I don't know how we should



'Mirabel is coming to play cricket with you in the meadow. Mind you look after her.'

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The very first day the kid had got her stockings turned down below her knees.

have killed the last fortnight of the holidays if the Owlet hadn't brought a book on scouting down to the cricket-field—which gave Duncan the idea of forming a patrol.

"I know you chaps are a bit sniffy about scouting—so was I till last vac., and then I discovered there is a lot more in it than meets the eye.

"Of course, the fact that the book originally belonged to the Owlet wasn't in its favour; still, we soon forgot that after Duncan annexed it, and I think she did, too. She was quite satisfied if we let her stand at a respectful distance while we discussed our plans, and, from the shy, solemn way she chipped in now and then, I think she knew the book by heart.

"One day we were talking about tracking crime, and how easy it is to discover murderers and thieves by their 'sign.'

"'But there never are any murderers in this rotten place,' said Wykes.

"'*Or* thieves,' added Pettifer ma. 'But I think we shall have to wait till Doomsday in this benighted hole before any crime comes along.'

"'Still scouts can often prevent crime,' said the Owlet, suddenly shoving her oar in, 'by finding what people are up to by their faces.'

"'Shut up, kid!' said Duncan. 'Of course a scout has got to use his eyes in every direction, not only for the detection of crime, but also for the discovery of lost property and hidden treasure—there's any amount of money and jewellery dropped about that only wants looking for scientifically.'

"'Right-o,' agreed Wykes; 'let's make the finding of lost property the first duty of the patrol.'

"'Yes—but what do you do with the stuff when you've bagged it?' said Bacon.

"Duncan looked a bit flummoxed, and began turning over the pages of the book.

"'You restore it to its owner,' chipped in the Owlet again.

"'Cut away, kid!' said Duncan, getting his rag out. But she was right, according to the book, and we came to the conclusion it wasn't worth it, and the best tip would be to run the patrol on fighting lines only. We challenged some chaps who had a patrol at Coltby, the next village, to a battle at Barrow Hill, three miles away. We fixed the thing up for the following week.

"Duncan said he was going to run the patrol on his own lines, though there was no harm in making a camp in the meadow, and mugging up the book now and then to find out how to do things. We called ourselves the Black Panthers, and our howl was one of the weirdest rows you ever struck. Bacon's uncle once having shot a panther gave us the idea, though he wasn't sure if it was a black one, but, anyhow, he was pretty sure of the call, which was something between a couple of cats in the garden at night and a cow who's lost her calf.

"If the Owlet was keen on cricket, she went absolutely balmy over scouting, and the very first day the kid had got her stockings turned down below her knees, and was always squirming along the grass on her front, tracking imaginary enemies all by herself.

"But her idea of the call was a rank failure owing to her voice being too squeaky, in fact, when she was practising one day at home, her mother came back from some dog-hanging or other and found the Owlet in her nursery letting out horrible squawks, and only too glad of any excuse, I suppose, trotted her off to the doctor before you could say knife. The kid, being under a bond of secrecy to the patrol, refused to say why she was howling and where she felt the pain. The doctor gave her a powder, and she was kept in bed for the rest of the day, but she turned up as keen as ever next morning, and we were rather glad to see her in a way, for she was quite a snip at lighting fires and running errands, and doing jobs no one else fancied. But like most of her sex she got a bit above herself, and wouldn't always take a snub when we wanted to drift her.

"The absurd part was, her one ambition seemed to be to march with us to Barrow Hill and take part in the battle. Of course, that was out of the question, but she didn't seem able to understand, that, though we might condescend to let her be useful at home, we

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

were hardly likely to take a small-sized flapper about with us when we went out to meet the enemy.

"'But I'd do everything you tell me to, Duncan,' the Owlet kept saying—and at last Duncan, who was patrol leader, and a jolly good one he made, got a bit fed up with it.

"'All right, Owlet,' he said. 'You shall come with the patrol to Barrow Hill, but you'll have to pass the "rat test" first.' He tipped us a wink as he spoke, and, leading the way to the wood-shed at the back of the Doctor's garden, he set us to stop up most of the rat holes while he went and fetched his ferrets. No sooner had he put the ferrets down and shut the door, than out came a couple of fat rats.

"It was quite a good bit of sport for everybody but the Owlet. The sight of the rats quite upset her applecart. She turned green and grey—her black eyes were as big as saucers—and she began to dance about and squeal with terror, trying all the time to kick the door down and get out. When we'd killed the rats, Duncan put her outside, and told her that as she had failed at the test there would be no active service for her.

"It was the first time I ever saw the Owlet blub. She was a rum-looking kid the best of times, but when she blubbed she looked like a frog with a stomach-ache. On thinking it over, I'm not sure we acted quite on the square over the rat test, but, as Duncan said, she practically asked for it; and, another thing, he felt pretty safe in choking her off, because she never told tales; that was one way she wasn't like other girl kids.

"We had arranged to muster at the corner of the lane at 2.30 on the day of the battle, and when we turned up at the place I'm bothered if the Owlet wasn't there waiting for us—bare knees, short, brown overall, slouch hat, broomstick, and all. The sight of her got Duncan's rag right out, and he told her to go home, and if he had any more of it he should forbid her to come with us again; and not only that, but he should forbid her to lend us her book or make herself useful to us in any way whatsoever.

"'Oh, do let me go to the battle, Duncan,' she kept saying.

"'Why, you could never keep up,' said Wykes. 'We're going scout's pace. You'd drop out in three minutes.' But she took no notice of him.

"'Oh, do let me go, Duncan,' she said, her mouth beginning to get froggy. Duncan looked over her head with his chin sticking out.

"'Come on—you chaps,' he said. 'We've got no time to rot about here. Are you ready? Go.' And we left her standing there.

"Bacon, who, as I said, generally has some grub of sorts about him, stayed behind a minute to give her a lump of toffee, and when I looked back, there stood the Owlet, her great black eyes staring after us, her face working, and a lump of toffee in her cheek.

"It seems she was still standing there when the Doctor and the widow drove by in the motor-car. They made out she wanted to go to Barrow Hill to the boys, and decided, with many squeezes and cuddles on the part of the widow, to take her there, that being the easiest way out of having to look after the kid themselves. We'd just arrived when the car came up. The Doctor called out to Duncan, quite in a pleasant voice, to give her something to do, and said he'd pick her up in an hour's time and take her back in the car.

"It was a nasty knock for Duncan, but he saw it

Her mother came back from some doghanging or other and found the Owlet in her nursery letting out horrible squawks.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

was no use jawing the Owlet; he saw, too, she hadn't been blabbing, so, though he felt jolly sick, he made the best of it, and set her to guard an old limekiln on the side of the hill near the road. It was a good dodge; for one thing, the limekiln was of no strategical importance whatever, the battle being the other side of the hill, and the Doctor would easily see her on his way back, while the other chaps wouldn't see her at all

"You should have seen the kid's sallow face light up when she heard she'd got to stand sentry over the kiln And she started marching up and down straight away, with her broomstick on her shoulder, absolutely bursting with swank.

"At that moment, Pettifer ma., who had been sent to reconnoitre, wriggled up on his stomach, with the news that the enemy were crawling up the other side of the hill in open order. So we spread out round the flank of the hill and crawled down to meet them, and the battle began.

"I don't know that I ever had a hotter time in my life. It was quite a good fight, but they were such silly chaps! They never knew when they were beaten. We had 'em fairly whacked again and again, as anybody with half an eye could have seen, but as there was no ref. the only way to prove it to them was to go on whacking them, till about seven o'clock, when they were absolutely dead to the world.

"Even then they said it was a draw, and they were merely going home to supper.

"The running fight had taken us more than a mile the other side of the hill, which meant we had a good three and a half miles heel and toeing ourselves, but we took a short cut across country and made it two and a quarter—and we were just turning the corner into the village when the widow's servant came running to meet us and said:

"'Where's Miss Mirabel?'

"'The Doctor brought her back in the car hours ago,' answered Duncan.

"'The Doctor came back about six with the missus, and they had tea, and they've gone out in the car again. Miss Mirabel wasn't with him, and they never said nothink about her.'

There in the moonlight was the funny little figure of the Owlet . . . still doing sentry go.

"Duncan turned to me. 'We're one up,' he exclaimed; 'they've forgotten all about their precious kid.'

"'She'd be sure to take the wrong turn at the cross roads,' declared Wykes.

"'Come on, you chaps,' said Duncan, 'we'd better go and find her.' We were all feeling a bit fed up with things in general, but we didn't like to think of the Owlet, nuisance as she was, wandering about the dark roads at night.

"We got as far as Barrow Hill, and Wykes said it was no use going farther, when I thought I saw something moving in the bushes a bit higher up. I ran, and so did the other chaps. When we came to the clearing by the old limekiln, we could hardly believe our eyes, for there in the moonlight was the funny little figure of the Owlet, with her broomstick all crooked on her shoulder, still doing sentry go, though she was a bit shaky at the turns.

"Duncan got there first; then he stopped dead, and made a queer gulping noise, and I really thought he was going to blub. The Owlet's face was white as chalk, and her great black saucer eyes stared up at Duncan as she said in a very weak, squeaky little voice:

"'The enemy hasn't come yet.'

"Then she stumbled, and Duncan pushed us out of the way, and ran forward and caught hold of her, and gave her a kiss in front of all of us. The poor little kid was absolutely dead-beat, and no wonder. We slung our poles together and carried her home.

"We were about halfway there when we met the big lights of the Doctor's car shining on us. The widow was with him, and I will say they both looked thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Their only excuse was that they'd got engaged that afternoon.

"While we were driving home, the Doctor told us he was going to marry the widow.

"'Right-o,' said Duncan, 'and I may as well tell you you needn't bother me to look after the Owlet any more, because I'm going to do it on my own account. She's proved herself a clinking good scout, and I'm going to make her the mascot of the patrol.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Picture Paragraphs

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Jumping to the other side of the bridge.

The limber is held between the space and used as a bridge.

This photograph illustrates the landing of field guns by aerial cableway. The battleship anchors as near the shore as possible, and a cable is stretched from the vessel's deck to a tripod derrick on land. The various parts of the guns are suspended on a two-wheel trolley which is drawn along the cable by a rope running to the men on shore. Several trips are necessary before all the parts of a gun can be landed.

To keep the parts from swaying or becoming unfastened from the trolley, it is necessary for men to ride with the load. At all times this is thrilling work, and in a rough sea it is a truly perilous undertaking.

When guns have to be taken across a fairly narrow river a temporary bridge is built. The first photograph shows two bluejackets jumping over ready to haul across the drag ropes, and the second shows how the limber is held between the space and used by the men as a bridge by which they cross to the other side.

FROM SEA TO LAND.

ONE of the most exciting tasks on the warships of the world's great navies is the landing of field guns and munitions of war on shores which the vessel cannot approach closely. In the event of war there are many places where men and guns can only be landed in this way. British, French, and German sailors have long been trained in making such landings, and the crews of American battleships are likely to be called upon for similar service.

Photo *Topical Press.*

The men travel on the gun to keep it steady—a risky job.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Photo *News Illustrations Company.*

A novel bathing machine to be seen at Thorpeness.

A THORNY PATH.

In districts where the railway runs through large tracts of land one of the chief problems is how to keep the cattle off the lines. On the Arizona Eastern Road a section foreman has devised an excellent cattle guard. It consists of a bed of small cactus, of a variety which is very long-lived and grows abundantly along that portion of the line. Since it has been erected no animal has attempted to cross over, and horses in particular are said to shy from a patch of this cactus as they would from a rattlesnake.

The thorns of this plant will pierce an ordinary boot or shoe, so it is not surprising that animals do not care to stroll over it.

MOVING WITH THE TIDE.

It would add greatly to the enjoyment of bathing if all seaside resorts, particularly where the tide runs out a long way, could be persuaded to adopt the type of machine shown in this picture.

"A FARTHING A RIDE."

This is a copy of the Big Wheel, and is to be seen at Cairo. It is called a Ferris Wheel, and although it looks very ramshackle, it is the delight of young and old.

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

An Egyptian Great Wheel which would not be appreciated on Hampstead Heath.

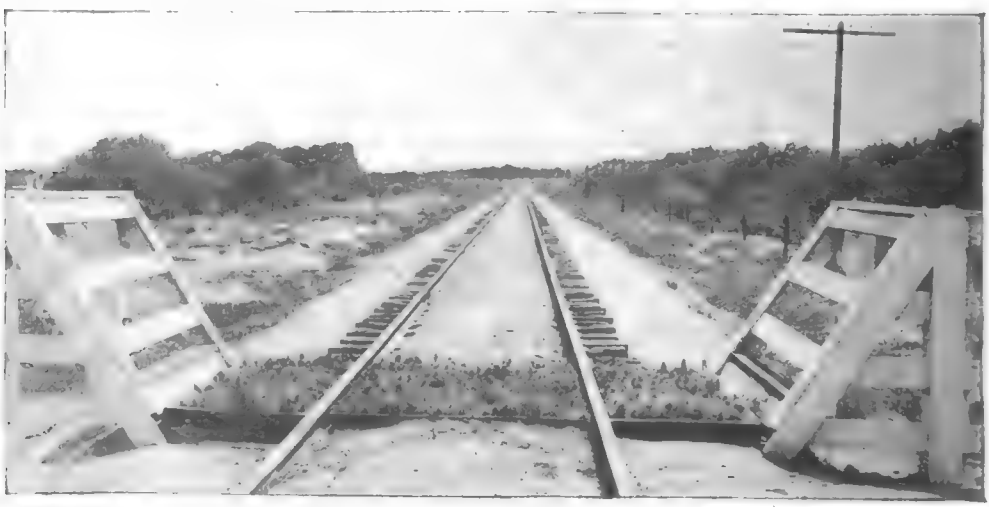


Photo *Courtesy of the Railway Age Gazette.*

This cactus guard is most effective in keeping cattle off the line.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Photo *N. Berkett.*

This pier is so long that the steamer at the end can only just be seen in the illustration.

THE MONKEY'S JOY-RIDE.

Even animals like to have a free ride occasionally, and this photograph, which was taken at the Zoological Gardens, shows a monkey which has turned a wombat into its steed. These two share the same cage.

Photo *F. G. Reader.*

This happy couple, with one other monkey, share the same cage.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE DINNER.

The well-dressed "lady" and "her" companion in this picture are really brothers. "Her" dress consists of a sheet draped round "her" shoulders.

The gentleman arranged the table, and was responsible for the lady's clothing and coiffure.

A FINE PIER.

"Come for a stroll to the end of the pier and back before breakfast" is a remark frequently heard during the holidays, but if the pier happens to be at Southend-on-Sea, the "stroll" would take quite a long time.

This pier is one and a quarter miles long, and is the longest in the world. It is one of the many attractions at this popular holiday resort, and yields a profit of several thousands yearly.

The Corporation have thoughtfully provided an excellent tram service along the pier, so that it is not absolutely necessary to walk to the end to enjoy the cool breezes.

Photo *C. C. Underhill*

That appearances are deceptive applies very aptly to this photograph.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The MOTHER of his CHILDREN

By Coningsby Dawson.

Should her husband or children come first in a woman's affection? All parents ought to read this remarkable story of a man's fight to regain the love of his wife.

Dick lathered his chin with the brush thoughtfully, quite forgetful of what he was doing. As though he watched a mood that was living in his mind he gazed out of the window fixedly, yet inattentively.

Dick wasn't given to introspection, but this morning he was asking himself an unaccustomed question—why did men marry?

A door behind him was partly open. From the room into which it gave entrance came sounds of someone stirring—intimate sounds of a woman dressing. Their swift precision gave an indication of her character—hardly a second was wasted in the neatness of their sequence. Neatness! An ungracious word! If angels were neat, would anybody want to go to Heaven? All those years ago—seventeen of them—was it her neatness that had attracted him?

He looked back. She had been like a house, newly-swept and garnished—uninhabited in its orderliness. With his manlike love of tumult, he had longed to fill her with the boisterous muddle of life, to furnish her, to strew odds and ends of affection about her—the emotional untidiness that gives to propriety humanity. Ah, well!

"I'm dressed—just going down to give the children their breakfast. Are you nearly ready?"

He jerked his thoughts back.

"Nearly ready."

"If you're not quick you'll be late at the bank."

He heard the bedroom door open and the rustle of her skirts as she passed out.

Testing the edge of his razor, he commenced to shave leisurely. Late! He didn't care. If he were late, what did it matter? In this sleepy town time was of no value. Ambitions were of no value—they led neither to promotion nor money. If he had worked an hour longer every day for the Chingbury branch of the Imperial Bank, he would not have climbed a single rung higher, he would not have earned the bank an extra penny. Chingbury did just so much business; it wouldn't hurry itself for any man. It took pride in its slowness. And he—he was as high in the bank now as he ever would be, cashier with two hundred and fifty a year. For the rest of his days he could only hope to stay there; when he had got quite past work, he would be superseded and pensioned.

He wiped his razor and commenced to select a tie. For himself, he would have been perfectly contented with his future, but then there was Mary—and there were Mary's children. It was her birthday. These anniversaries, emphasising his lack of progress, always made him moody. Why did men marry? What did they think they would gain by marriage and what did they actually gain?

Yes, there was always Mary. If it had all to be done again, he would choose her and no other woman.

He was amazed at the lengths to which he had followed his reflections. Where had it all commenced? Ah yes! With the take-you-for-granted air with which she had accepted his greetings this morning, and with the accusing tones in which she had hoped that he hadn't been extravagant over her present.

And he had wanted to surprise her with his lavishness. He had planned to startle her into appreciation of him. But, because of what she had said about extravagance, he

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

had not dared to let her know what he had bought for her.

Before he left his dressing-room he took one last look in the mirror; he sought reassurance in the reflection. He saw a clean-shaven man, nearing forty-five, straight-featured and almost handsome. The hair was brushed back from the forehead and growing grey about the temples. The attraction of the face was its shyness; the nostrils were arched and sensitive; the eyes were a trifle too blue for boldness. It was the face of one who could be made strong by love and weak by the lack of it.

At the top of the stairs he halted, feeling in his pocket. Yes, it was there. Should he give it to her and would she accept it? While he hesitated, the door of the breakfast-room opened and the treble of children's voices floated up to him—and something else, the warmth of a room where a family is assembled, the smell of early morning coffee, and the sound of a log-fire crackling—small sensations which are the keynotes to memories. What a fool he had been with his question as to why men marry!

He forced himself into cheerfulness and came whistling down the stairs. As he entered the room, Madge, his eldest, sprang up from the table and put her arms about his neck. Like himself, she was so quick to express what she felt—so eager to give pleasure.

"What a lazy-bones you've been this morning," she laughed. Then, whispering against his ear, "What have you got for mother? I was so afraid that I'd have to set off to school without knowing."

He smoothed back the fair hair from her forehead and slipped his arm about her narrow shoulders. The young face looked up into his with clear eyes that were kind and questioning. She had guessed. Perhaps something had been said at the table. Her tenderness told him that she knew. She always knew when he was hurt.

Her younger brother and sister, Tommy and Hester, were, like their mother, sensible, conscientious, and undemonstrative. But Madge . . . Dick often thought that she realised exactly what he missed in her mother, and tried to make it up to him.

"What have I got?" he said. "Something that mother won't like, I expect."

Madge snuggled against him. "But she will—she will, father."

He shook his head. "No, she'll say it's too extravagant."

Madge pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "Not extravagant—that wouldn't be kind. But just like you—too generous."

His wife looked up. She was a good woman and her goodness showed. Her expression was keen and careful; perhaps, ambitious was the right word. She had critical grey eyes, which gazed out broodingly on the world and arrived at an estimate. Unless you were sure she liked you, they were disquieting to watch. Her hands alone betrayed another side to her character—they were long and listless, and fine.

"Too generous!" she said. "It isn't a case of being generous, Madge. Your father doesn't know the value of money; you mustn't encourage him."

Then to her husband:

"Dick, I do hope you haven't been silly again. If you've got something that costs too much, I'll only have to return it to the shop, as I did that bracelet last Christmas."

As she did that bracelet last Christmas! He had not forgotten the humiliation. She did it in order that she might pay for Hester's piano lessons. She was a good mother, but, in her unselfishness for her children, she was selfish towards her husband.

Madge saw her father wince at her mother's words. She tugged on his arm.

"Never mind. Show her."

Fumbling in his breast-pocket he drew out a letter. He felt ashamed of it. He had written so many tender words in it; they were useless now. He had slept with it beneath his pillow, intending to slip it into her hand directly she woke in the morning. And then—— Her wise and unselfish parsimony had prevented.

He passed her the letter awkwardly and sat down to breakfast, that he might cover his confusion while she read it.

She broke the seal without excitement. Glancing across at him she smiled quietly, as much as to say, "Just what I expected." She actually said, "Twenty pounds! How foolish, Dick! You knew I wouldn't take it."

"I didn't know," he exclaimed irritably; "if I had I shouldn't have given it you. You've not read the letter. I don't want you to. Please give it me back; I'll tell you what's in it."

She passed it down the table to him in silence. Then she said in an injured voice:

"Dick, don't speak to me so crossly before the children, especially on my birthday. We can't afford twenty-pound presents just now; if we could, I'd—I'd like to take it."

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The breakfast continued without conversation. Dick kept his eyes on his plate and glanced at his watch occasionally, as though he were in a great hurry. He had the feeling that everyone, except Madge, was judging him. Speech became more difficult, in proportion to its postponement. Madge signalled a question. He nodded. She pushed back her chair.

"Time we were off to school."

Alone with his wife, separated from her by the length of table, his embarrassment was doubled.

She addressed him with the compassionate tolerance which she would have used to one of her children.

"Dick, aren't you rather unkind—and a little stupid?"

He did not retreat before her mild accusal.

"Neither unkind, nor stupid."

She was surprised.

"Then what?"

To avoid a scene he tried to thwart her persistency. "We've never had a quarrel, Mary—a real quarrel. I'd hate to find fault with you on your birthday."

The brows above her grey eyes fluttered upward; then she governed her face into a smile.

"You and I could never quarrel. If I've done wrong, I want you to tell me. Won't you please find fault?"

For the moment her lightness roused his anger.

"I will, since you force me. You have one fault, Mary, which—well, it's driving between us like a wedge. It's your love for the children; you let them come between us. You won't own it, but they're more to you than I am. You only let me be kind to you through them. Whenever I want to do anything for you, you say, 'We can't afford it.'

"For them you can afford anything. You behave as though courtesy between a man and wife didn't matter. You impose on our love because it seems so certain."

She lowered her face, perplexed; then again she smiled up at him confidently.

"Why, you know that's not true! You're so ridiculously sensitive. You're as much to me now as you ever were. Besides, whoever heard of two sensible married people being polite to one another?"

"As much as I ever was! I believe you. I was never first with you even in our courtship—simply a means to your becoming a mother."

He cleared the plates from in front of him and leant forward, narrowing the space between them.

"You may be a sensible wife; please God, I'll never be a sensible husband. Don't you know that to be happy a man must be continually winning a woman? If one gets too certain of owning anything it loses its value. When I go out of my way to be nice to you, you make me feel like a sentimental fool, who's wasting his time over something that's unnecessary."

He ended in a lower and more earnest tone:

"You've been too sure of me, Mary. You've killed romance by forbidding me to be your lover. I'm just something that earns a little money; and you—you're the mother of my children. We're only useful.

"One day the children'll be men and women. They won't need you to sacrifice for them. You and I'll be left at the end of life where we started—together. Then we may desire with all our hearts to care for each other—the fires will have burnt out."

She broke the long silence with a nervous laugh.

"And this mountain out of the molehill of twenty pounds! I'll take the cheque if you like, Dickie; but I won't be able to spend it on myself. You foolish fellow, it's a twelfth of our year's income."

He went to the fireplace and stood erect. She came and knelt beside him, making a pretence at warming her hands. He realised that her motive was to be near him, and spoke more gently. "It wasn't just this twenty pounds, Mary. It wasn't that you refused my present. It was the way you refused it. There was that bracelet last Christmas. I saved for both those presents and went without things, just as you deny yourself for the children. I wanted to give you pleasure. I think you'd have understood if you'd read the letter first, instead of——"

She pressed her cheek against his hand. "What was in it, dear? Can't you tell me?"

"Only that I am going to London soon on business for the bank, and hoped you'd come with me. The twenty pounds were to be your pocket-money. We'd be alone together. A kind of middle-aged honeymoon—that was what I'd planned."

She pulled herself up and leant against him, laughing into his eyes with her arms about his neck.

"You dreamer! You dear, impractical person! With the best of luck, how could I? Who'd look after the house?"

"Madge."

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Madge? She isn't old enough. And, besides, you forget; we are sending her to a finishing school after Christmas. I'll have to sew and sew to get her ready. We'll need all our money for her."

He drew his head back at the mention of money; she still clasped him. "It was your idea to send her, Mary. It wasn't mine—and she doesn't want to go."

His wife's eyes clouded; she wasn't winning the battle.

"It was my idea at first, but you consented."

He unclasped her arms and held her hands, gazing at her sadly.

"And before Madge has finished her education there'll be Tommy to send to a public school. And then it'll be only fair to do for Hester what we've done for Madge. And while expenses go up, my income stands still."

He drew her to him swiftly.

"Mary, is it worth it? Think of the slow starvation of it—saving, saving, saving, so that you and I have no time to think of loving?"

She stood back from him; her mouth had lost its tenderness, and had become impatient.

"The children must have their chance," she said firmly, "whatever it costs us. There's my own money which I've never touched since our marriage. If you don't want to help——"

Yes, there was her own money. There had been a time when to have been lent a little capital would have made him his own master. Year after year she had reinvested her own interest, never spending a farthing of it on herself or on anybody. It was for the children—to set them out in the world. To have hinted at employing it for any other purpose would have been sacrilege.

He twisted his shoulders.

"No matter where we begin our conversations, they always finish with finance. Have you noticed? I suppose it means that I ought to make more money! Good Heavens! It's nearer ten than nine. You told me I'd be late at the bank, and I shall be."

She accompanied him to the front door. Just as he was stepping out she slipped her arm through his and kissed him.

"Don't worry," she whispered. "We'll get along without twenty pounds; we can love each other in spite of that."

Money could put everything right—its powers were well-nigh limitless. It could buy laughter, put kisses on a woman's mouth, make her eager for loving, and delay the feet of Time, luring back youth. But how to get money? All day at the bank he asked himself that question. While he asked it, money sufficient to start him on his quest for happiness was passing through his hands.

He went to the fireplace and stood erect. She came and knelt beside him, making a pretence at warming her hands

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

He gazed out of the window on the town square, where cars purred past, and carriages waited before shops while ladies did their shopping. Had all those people out there found that for love, as for less delicate pleasures, one must have money?

People kept coming in and treating him with familiarity, as though they had known him for a long while. "The manager in? Not here, as usual! Oh, well, you'll do, Dick. You really run this bank, after all!"

They were all kinds of people—bond-sellers, clients, embarrassed property-holders, anxious to raise a mortgage. All their talk was about money; how to get it; how to keep it when you'd got it; how to make it breed more money.

And he, Dick, the recipient of all these confidences and the valued source of so much advice, was awarded precisely two hundred and fifty pounds a year. He was so poor that his wife couldn't afford to love him—couldn't accept his presents. Here was comedy. By afternoon he had begun to feel the comfortable warmth of a glowing sense of injustice. He ran the bank, and what did he get for it?

A brougham drew up at the pavement, and Mr. Yeams the manager, alighted—a cold, non-committal man, who took good care to hide the candle of his secret kindness beneath a bushel.

He had known Dick from a boy, and trusted him officially with his most intimate secrets. With Mary's father he had been on friendly terms—terms which he still maintained with Mary in a manner which discriminated between her and her husband. He knew that she had a certain amount of money in her own right: he therefore regarded her as a very worthy woman.

Five minutes after his arrival, Dick was called into his private office. A surplus of uninvested funds had accumulated; the question was, how were they to be employed? Dick made his suggestions; Mr. Yeams listened with an appearance of close attention, tapping with his fingers on the desk and nodding.

"That all? I've got something better."

He then spoke to him about the Electrical Supplies Trust, which had been quietly organised, shares in which were being floated on the market. He had inside information; big names on the Stock Exchange were standing behind the venture. The price was a little above par at present—it was sure to rise. In his enthusiasm Mr. Yeams rubbed his hands.

"Dick, anyone who gets in early is certain to clear big profits."

Dick's face grew keen, then masked itself. "*It was sure to rise!*" A small amount of capital would go a long way if he bought on margins. Mary could help him if she liked, but—— He knew her so well. She was too unwisely provident to risk anything.

The bank closed. He and the manager were the last to leave.

Having watched the brougham drive away, he lingered outside his place of employment. The inconsistency of it all! Two hundred and fifty pounds was his purchase price—and that man had spent the afternoon in talking to him in the hundreds of thousands! Didn't it ever enter his head that it wasn't safe to talk like that to a man who was hungry for the culture of life? With money one could educate a soul which would be big enough to be noticed, and even admired.

The great plate-glass panes, reaching almost to the pavement, revealed empty counters, gleaming safes, and lowered lights. They were a part of the pretence that everyone was above temptation. They seemed to say to the world, pinched with cold: "See how we trust you. We know you're honest. You can peep in if you like; to-morrow, if you've anything to give us, you can walk inside."

A policeman passing by peered at Dick suspiciously, recognised him, and bade him a cheerful "Good-night."

So *the price was sure to rise!*

Coming to his gate, he hesitated; Mary's shadow fell across the blind. He wanted to think; her grey eyes would disturb him.

He found himself on the outskirts of the town where woods commenced—an army of skeletons, flapping rags. Far behind him, like glow-worms scattered through shadows, the lights of Chingbury twinkled.

If his love were to survive, he must have money. If he could pour money into her lap, won by his own brains, he would startle Mary out of taking him for granted into admiration. Everything had to be purchased.

Slowly he turned back. He need not decide now; presently would be soon enough. This time when he came to his gate he entered.

But *presently* came next morning. He received orders to get ready and go to London. Getting ready entailed several journeys to the bank's vaults and safes to check bonds and securities, and to consult necessary papers. Being the manager's

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

right-hand man and absolutely trusted, he made these journeys unaccompanied.

That night Madge noticed that her father was nervous. She sat at the table preparing her home lessons, with her books spread out before her; he was seated at his desk, with his back towards her. She watched him; how he stared at a sheet of paper, altered a figure, did nothing for a while, then tore the sheet into the tiniest of pieces, threw it into the waste-paper basket, and began all over again.

She stole over to him and perched herself on the arm of his chair, letting her soft hair fall against his face. She observed that he immediately covered up what he was doing.

"Worried, father?"

He stroked her hand.

"Not worried, darling. Just tired."

Then she thought she had guessed. "You don't like going alone, do you? You hoped that mother would go with you. You're—you're disappointed."

She recognised in a flash that her guess was mistaken. He rubbed his cheek against hers and answered evasively:

"Disappointed! Oh, I don't know. There's so much to do for you children; I suppose she's right."

Madge slipped back to her lessons. Tears were in her eyes. He was in trouble and wouldn't let her share it. Directly he thought that her attention was occupied, he recommenced his figuring on the sheets of paper.

For the next week he was in London. His first errand on his arrival was to a firm of Throgmorton Street brokers; it had nothing to do with the business for the bank. After that he watched the financial columns feverishly, as a man whose entire happiness depended on what prices the printed page would reveal.

It was always over Electrical Supplies that he grew excited. They were on the rise. He sold out a portion of his holdings, merely for the sake of bringing home to himself the unbelievable fact that he had made money. He bought again on margins at a higher price. To avoid the risk of Chingbury getting to know, he opened an account with a London bank.

It was his last day; he was leaving in two hours on the six o'clock express. Within a week he had made more than twice his year's salary; if Electrical Supplies continued to soar, he would be rich before the New Year, when they went through the bonds and checked the coupons. He would have time to replace what he had borrowed—nothing need be discovered. Already he felt safe.

It was the hour of the Bond Street parade. Wealth tripped by him on the pavement—selfish, happy, lavishly gowned, perfumed, and indifferent to poverty. Along the roadway streamed cars, containing women of all nations, dressed in costly clothes, turning to the world amused and piquant faces.

Once there had been a time when he would have envied these people. *Once* was a week ago precisely. He did not feel any envy now—only a humorous desire to stop one of them and say: "I'm not much to look at, but my Madge and Mary'll be exactly what you are one day."

And then he wanted to prove the assertion—to begin proving it without delay. Christmas was coming; it wasn't too soon to buy presents. He glanced round. A famous jeweller's beckoned to him. In a spirit of bravado he entered.

He had had no idea that trifles could be so expensive. He had not dreamt of running himself into so much expense. A hundred pounds for a pearl necklace! And it looked nothing—like a string of beads from the Chingbury sixpenny-halfpenny bazaar! Madge must have one better than that.

He pictured to himself how, years later, she would tell her children: "When father became a big man, this was what he bought me."

He was intoxicated by his imagination. The pearl necklace for Madge cost a hundred and fifty pounds, the watch-bracelet, studded with diamonds, which he chose for Mary, two hundred. His wife would have to admire him at last.

Did he want them sent? the salesman asked. With childlike greed for immediate possession he inquired:

"Could I take them with me?"

It was incredible: three hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewellery was being wrapped up and would soon be in his pocket.

It came to paying: he had only his cheque-book. The salesman saw him hesitate.

"A cheque will do," he assured him.

Dick made no attempt to disguise his amazement.

"But—but surely you'll require a reference. My cheque mightn't be good."

The man smiled. "We take that risk. We're supposed to be judges of character. We're here for that—to size people up by

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

their faces, and know whether they're honest."

A crawling shiver wandered down Dick's back. He wrote his signature hastily. He tried not to meet the salesman's eye. Did dishonesty label a man like that?

On his return home, he locked the necklace and bracelet securely away in the top drawer of his desk. When he heard Mary warning the children against expecting too much for Christmas because Madge's education would be a heavy expense, he smiled. He grew into a habit of touching the drawer in which his gifts lay hidden. His wife noticed and asked him:

"What have you in there?"

He laughed high up, excitedly, and drew away his hand.

"Oh, nothing—nothing."

When the house was silent and everyone had gone to bed, he would take out his treasures and look at them, staging in his mind what was likely to occur when he gave them on Christmas Day. One night, when he had stayed later than usual, Mary came down to discover why he had not followed her. She caught the sparkle of something which he slipped behind his back the moment she entered.

"Why Dick——!"

There was fear in her voice.

He turned sideways from her and thrust his hand into his pocket; then he put his free arm about her waist.

"Mary, I'm changing everything for all of us. You'll know in good time."

His way of speaking was ecstatic—like that of a happy boy. She drew her fingers wonderingly across his face.

"Changing everything! Do we want change? And can you——?"

She paused; there was a sob in her throat.

"Dick, what is it? You've been different since my birthday—more—more masterful lately."

"More masterful!"

He laughed and kissed her mouth.

"Why, even you're beginning to believe in me, Mary. And you don't know yet."

She pressed her forehead against his shoulder. Her voice came muffled, chokingly.

"You dear man! I always believed in you. But I didn't show it in your way."

The expectation of something glad to be expected took definite shape in his wife's heart from that moment. The air of mystery, which surrounded him, grew more intense and gave sanction to that expectation. Then, there were constant wires from London, which no one was supposed to mention, and which only he was permitted to open.

Mr. Yeams took notice of Dick in his cold non-committal way—took notice of his elations and depressions as the stock-market fluctuated. He called him in to consultations more frequently than was necessary that he might observe him more narrowly.

"By the way, Dick, d'you see that Electrical Supplies are tumbling? Oh, no, they're all right. It's this rumour of German competition. Won't go very far, I assure you."

Mr. Yeams nodded wisely when Dick had left him, and his office-door had closed. The question he asked himself was how his cashier, with a salary of two hundred and fifty and a growing family, could have bought shares in Electrical Supplies? His wife's money? Unlikely. He set on foot a stealthy inquiry.

It was Christmas Eve. The bank had closed. Some of the clerks who had to travel to family gatherings, had left already; the rest were making hilarious haste to be gone, exchanging jokes and calling good wishes after the next of their number to leave them.

Dick looked like an undertaker at a wedding—mournfully out of place. His face was drawn and white, his eyes haunted and hollow. For the last fortnight, since the rumour of German competition had spread abroad, Electrical Supplies had been falling. A week ago he could have sold out and just cleared himself, so as to get back the bonds which he had left with his broker to be held as security against his margins. It was Mr. Yeams' assurances that Electrical Supplies were sound that had tempted him to hang on.

And now the price had sunk so low that he could not save any of his margins without selling some of the bonds which he had borrowed. He was caught.

The manager's door opened.

"Oh, Dick, spare me a minute, will you?"

Dick mustered an expression of cheerfulness and squared his shoulders. He always did that when he knew that he was watched. On entering the office he saw that two strangers were present, one directly behind him, near the door, as if to block his exit, the other beside his desk, where he could watch his face.

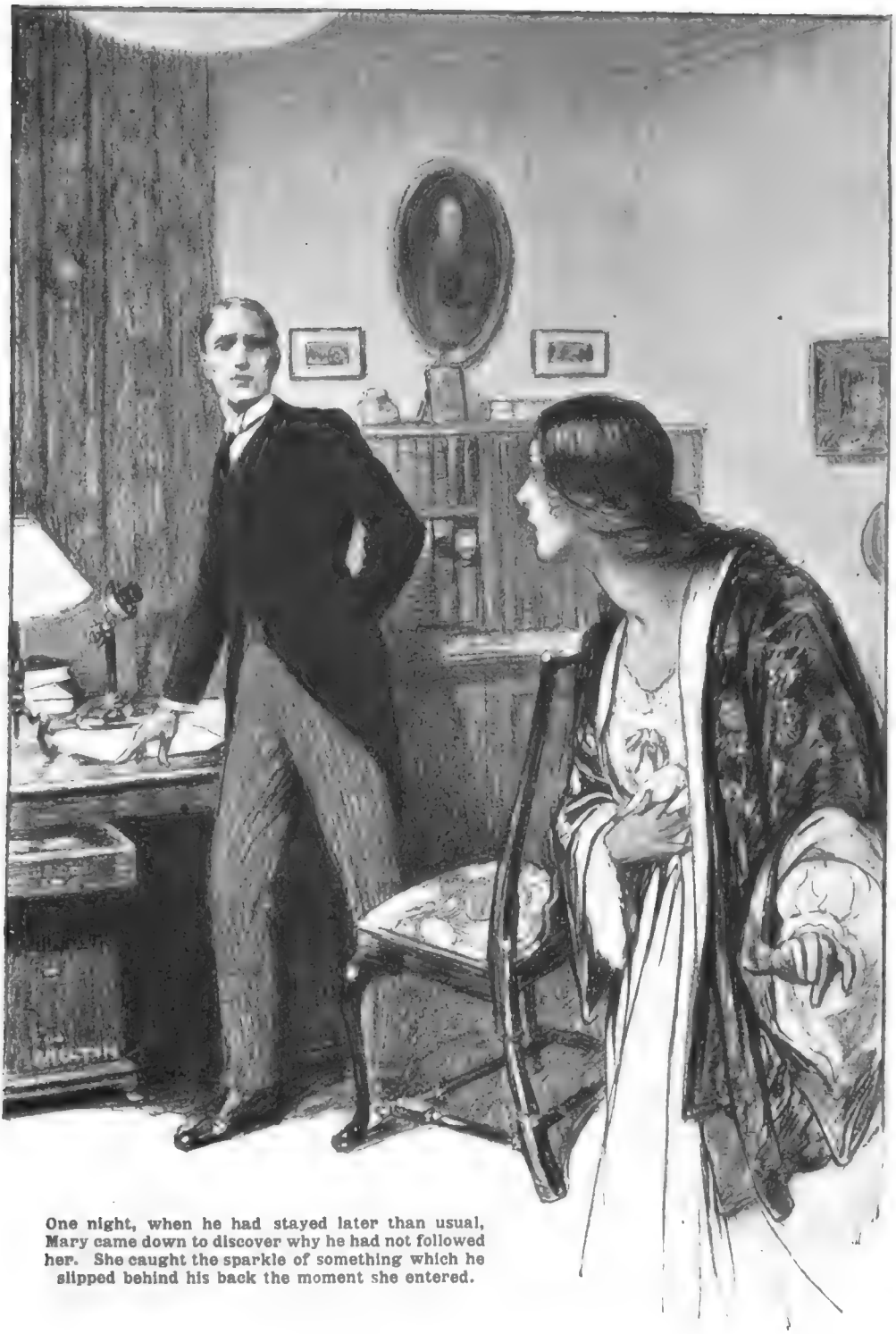
Mr. Yeams looked up coldly.

"Been speculating?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Had any success?"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



One night, when he had stayed later than usual, Mary came down to discover why he had not followed her. She caught the sparkle of something which he slipped behind his back the moment she entered.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dick's blood boiled. He had conjured up this scene during the sleepless hours of many a long night; he had always seen himself as cringing for mercy. His worst fear had been that he would behave like a coward. Perhaps it was because he had lived through the ordeal so many times that he conducted himself like an actor, mouthing, but unaffected by, a tragedy.

He answered quite normally.

"Success! You know I haven't. Let's cut this short. I borrowed twenty-five of the bank's Florida Irrigation bonds. I left them with Ivy and MacDougal, my brokers, as security to hold against my margins. I speculated in Electrical Supplies; at the present moment I'm two thousand pounds to the bad. What are you going to do with me?"

Such impenitent boldness took Mr. Yeams by surprise.

"Do with you?" He scratched his head. "Do with you! God bless my soul, if you can't redeem those bonds I'll have to have you arrested."

"Well, I can't. For years I've run your branch and received two hundred and fifty pounds for it. One can't save much out of that and bring up a family."

Mr. Yeams looked very sad, very grieved, very perplexed. Perhaps he was worried by passages remembered from sermons, such as "Blessed are the merciful." But he said:

"I trusted you with everything. For myself, I'd let you off, but the example would be bad." He hesitated, then smouldered into querulous resentment:

"I don't like the way you're taking this, my boy."

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see that it's up to you to like or dislike it. The bank paid me a beggarly wage, set temptation in my way, and now it's sending me to gaol. Besides, you always told me that Electrical Supplies would come up again. The bank can take over the shares that I've defaulted on; it's not too late. Then it'll be safe."

The two strangers had kept their eyes on Mr. Yeams. Reluctantly he nodded. They closed in on Dick, standing one on either side, and roughly twisted his wrists behind his back. They turned to lead him away and had reached the door when the old man spoke with emotion:

"Bring him back."

Then to Dick:

"You've known me and worked with me the best part of your life. I knew your father before you, and Mary's father was my friend. Haven't you any favour to ask me? I don't suppose you'll believe me, but I've liked you, Dick—and still like you."

Dick refused to lower his pride.

"You're going to steal my liberty—you, an old man—from me, and I'm not halfway through living. You've nearly done with life—and you've never done anything but take from it, never considered anyone but yourself. Out of all the days you're going to steal from me, I want just one more of freedom—to-morrow."

Mr. Yeams looked aside and blinked his eyes. He tried to make his voice hard when he asked:

"To-morrow! How'll that help? Why?"

Dick strained forward from the hands that held him.

"My wife and children have counted on it. I've led them on to expect something. Please. It's Christmas Day."

And so it was arranged.

Dick passed out into the High Street with the two strangers walking closely, but inconspicuously, one on either side. They were scarcely noticeable in the Christmas crowd. Before he was out of sight of the bank he twisted his head. The strangers clutched his arms, thinking he was about to escape. He was only looking to see whether the manager's brougham was still waiting. He saw its lamps and wondered what was happening inside the head of the man with the shabby clothes and parchment face.

Where was his freedom to commence? He dared not ask. Up the path to the very threshold of his home he was escorted. As the light drifted out from the opening door the men fell back.

Madge was hanging mistletoe in the hall when he entered. He was determined to play his part of the man with the happy secret to the end. They'd learn soon enough. He tried to appear jovially glad—and to forget. Mary's grey eyes followed him; he encountered them whenever he glanced in her direction. He wasn't deceiving her. What did she suspect? And yet nothing was said.

At last the children, rebellious with anticipation, were coaxed to bed. When a sufficient time had elapsed for them to be asleep, the stealthy creep upstairs was attempted to fill their stockings. He went to Madge's room first. She lay quite still in her narrow white bed, her fair hair streaming across the pillow, her eyes fast shut. At last he had his opportunity.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Tiptoeing to the window he peered out. Had they gone? What were they doing? Where were they?

His questions were answered dramatically; a shadow which had lain level with the shadow of a tree, stirred. An exclamation escaped him. He put his hand to his mouth to stifle it. It was echoed. Turning quickly, he saw through the dusk that Madge was sitting up in bed. Her slim arms were held out to him and went about him fiercely.

"Oh, father, father, who are they?"

"Who are they! You're dreaming, girlie."

"Don't play with me. Don't put me off. What *is* the matter?"

She tugged him tightly to her, hiding her face against his breast. He persisted in pretending to misunderstand.

"Nothing's the matter, darling. It's Christmas Eve; I'd come to fill your stocking."

As he passed out of the room he met his wife on the landing.

"Did I hear Madge crying?" she questioned in a whisper.

He stooped, gathering up the presents for Tommy so as not to look at her.

"Madge crying! Yes. She woke, frightened. She wasn't really awake—dreaming, I expect."

He was uneasy lest his wife might question him when they went to bed. She was strangely silent and unaccustomedly tender. He lay awake, staring at the ceiling, fearful lest he should disturb her. Every nerve in his body craved an answer to one question—were those men still out there?

He could bear it no longer. Having listened to his wife's breathing, and found it regular, he crept out. At first he saw nothing—only frost and shadows. Then he caught the figure of a man, right under the wall below him, looking up into his eyes. He wondered if Madge, little Madge, standing barefoot at her window was also watching that watcher. He stole back and climbed softly into bed. Again he listened. Mary was too motionless; she ought to have stirred. What did she suspect?

The man with the happy secret rose unrefreshed next morning. As he dressed he was conscious of a hush in the house. He must remedy that; it was his last day of freedom. He was as eager to cram all his love into this day as though it were his last on earth. Love might stand to his credit when the hour of judgment arrived, and he asked forgiveness.

The door which led out of the living-room into his library was open. His desk stood in full view of his wife as she sat at the breakfast table. He stepped over to the drawer of mystery, unlocked it and took out two small parcels. She had risen. Madge stood behind her.

"For you. And for you," he said huskily, and turned away, ashamed of what he was doing—giving them the fruits of theft.

He heard a gasp, as the boxes were opened.

"For me! Why, father!"

Madge was in his arms. His wife came slowly over to him. He thought she was going to make him take it back. She tried to speak and couldn't. She kissed him, holding out her arm for him to fasten the bracelet on it. It was all so different from the scene he had pictured.

All that morning, with a feverish display of high spirits, Dick played the game, like a man secretly aware that in his body were the seeds of death, yet determined to get the most out of life while life lasted.

An unexplained and new sympathy had crept into the attitude of his wife; anxiety to demonstrate affection without language—an effort to make appreciation conspicuous. With both Mary and Madge it was as though they realised that a blow was threatening, but dared not mention it, lest speech should lend it haste.

On Christmas afternoon it had been the practice of Mr. Yeams to pay Mary a visit. He was a man of habit; the habit had been formed years ago, when she was a little girl and her father, his friend, was alive. Glancing out of the window Dick saw with anger and dismay that the familiar brougham was halting at his gate.

He faced quickly into the room.

"I'm not going to see him."

Mary's lips had gone white; she rested her hand on his arm gently.

"Dear, I understand."

Not until he had accomplished his escape did her answer strike him as peculiar. He had never approved of the way in which Mary had accepted his employer's social favours—favours from which he was tacitly excluded. But it wasn't like Mary to admit so quietly that there were just grounds for his annoyance. What had she meant by saying, "I understand"?

Across the street, emphasising the discrepancies of the situation, those two men were still watching. In following their movements, he failed to observe how time was passing.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

He sat down. At last he was by himself. Sinking his face in his hands, he acknowledged facts—at this hour to-morrow he would be in prison.

From the bottom of the stairs a voice called:

"He's gone, Dickie."

He pulled himself together. He wouldn't need to be brave much longer.

Evening dragged itself out to a finish. *Nine, ten, eleven*—the children had exhausted their last excuse for not going up to bed. Tommy and Hester had vanished; Madge lingered.

Dick turned abruptly:

"Kiddie, it's time you went."

Then to his wife:

"Why don't you go, too, Mary? You're tired."

"And you?"

He drew his pipe from his pocket. "One more smoke. I'll be up directly."

They kissed him. Words were on their lips, which struggled to get said. They crossed the room to the door; came back swiftly by a common impulse, kissed him again; then, to his great relief, he heard their footsteps trailing fainter up the stairs. Would they return? Slow movements overhead. Thank heaven, the house was silent.

He spoke with his conscience. If he had succeeded, he would have been reckoned clever by the world. He was a thief because he had failed. Succeeding—that was the standard of probity. He was a fool. He had struck a match—and the box had ignited.

Was that someone stirring? He heard a creak on the stairs. His heart was in his throat. Sliding his feet so as to make no noise, he crossed the room, set the door ajar and listened. Utter quiet! Only the house muttering to itself!

How should he face the crisis? He stood beside the desk, and opened a drawer stealthily. A revolver was lying in his hand. Madge! They'd call her father a coward. With a reckless self-distrust and instinct to protect her, he flung temptation from him through the window with a crash.

Feet upon the stairs. Those men outside—they also would have heard it. They would come for him now. Love, shame, and tragedy—the mountain-tops of life—call for darkness. He switched off the light and stood tense.

The door opened. Mary trembled on the threshold the lamp in the hall lengthening her shadow; it lay along the floor till it touched his feet. Her eyes followed to where he stood, wraith-like and erect. The cold night air, soaking in through the shattered pane, chilled his blood. He shivered.

She ran towards him and folded him in her arms.

"You're hurt?"

He tried to push her from him; the time had come when he must tell.

"I'm not; but——"

She silenced him, pressing her lips against his mouth.

"I couldn't speak. All day I wanted to speak about it. I was waiting for you— I guessed. You did it because of me. And then Mr. Yeams— Oh, Dickie, why didn't you come to me yourself?

"There was my money. You thought I wouldn't— You thought I was too selfish. I taught you to think that. But I *did* save you, Dickie, I did pay the money, and now——"

She ceased. He had jerked away his mouth. He was listening for the rush up the path, the clamouring of the bell, the bursting of the door—the invasion. He heard only the wrenching sobs of the woman quivering against his breast.

Her head lay on his shoulder. He bent above her. "And now?"

She clutched him fast, fearing he would struggle from her.

"I'm more than the mother of your children? Say—I am."

His voice came awed and strangled. The horror had gone—there were all the other days before him.

"Dearest, you've proved it."

"But it took this to prove it," she wept.

£1000 for Picture Puzzles. For full particulars see page 459.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A 44-CALIBRE JOKE

How it Shook up Seth Miller.

By G. W. Ogden.

They knew Seth Miller's story from the Nueces to the Colorado. Seth couldn't laugh.

The cowman's malady weighed upon his mind until it became a sickness of the body also. He came down from the saddle to a buckboard for the want of strength in his legs to clamp him to a horse, and from the buckboard he declined to a rocking-chair, hobbling about the ranch-house like an old woman, a shawl around his neck.

"If I could rair back and roll out a laugh once, boys, I'd git well," he sighed, "but I kain't. This here world looks so curious to me now, I don't know how I ever seen anything in it to laugh at at all."

His friends and employees worked ceaselessly to thaw him out, for in his day Seth had been a merry strip of a man. Phonograph records, comic papers, joke-books, pictures filled every corner of his wifeless abode.

At length Seth began to neglect all interest in his ranch, and to centre on his strange affliction with melancholy pride, as a man often does when he sets his head on the belief that he is plagued by an incurable complaint.

"It ain't no use, fellers," said he, when even the monkey that Bill Daly, his foreman, ordered fell into the mopes and died after a few days' association with Seth; "it ain't a bit of use. You jist as well leave me to dry up and die, for they ain't nothin' in this world that'll ever make me bust a grin no more."

"I never seen such a fool as you, Seth," rebuked Bill, holding the lifeless monkey by the tail; "for I know you could 'a' laughed at this little feller if you hadn't been so contrary."

"I've seen the day I could 'a', Bill," said Seth, shaking his dismal old head, "but a feller's got to have laughin' machinery to laugh with, same as he has to have talkin' machinery to talk. Mine's busted. You know that, Bill."

"Nothin' ain't busted, I tell you," argued Bill. "E-magination's all that ails you. You e-magine you kain't laugh, but if you got the right jolt, you'd snicker like a hired gal."

Believing this, Bill never gave up. He hung to the contention that there was a laugh somewhere in the world for Seth, and he scouted around with his eyes open, reading the papers for ideas, currying the nation for a gem of humour that might start a smile on the boss-man's leathery face.

The foreman sent his men to the cities of Texas, where culture and wit flourish, to see

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

if they could get on the trail of a laugh for the boss. They always found plenty to get next to their sensitive ribs, returning with fresh packages of joke-books and phonograph records, with reports on the shows they had seen which would have winded the bravest press agent that ever drew pen.

But when Bill Daly read the stuff and analysed the reports which they brought, he was merely confirmed in his belief in the contention that there are but seven joke formulas in the whole world. Bill had to have something new. None of the old seven, no matter how served, would jolt Seth hard enough to spring his laugh.

A few days after the death of the monkey, Keno, one of the laugh scouts, came back from a special journey to Laredo. Bill eyed his outfit inquiringly as he unsaddled.

"Well, didn't you strike nothing, Keno?" he asked.

"Nothin' that'd make him cut loose that I could fetch back with me. Only thing that I seen over there, Bill, that looked to me like it might have a ghost of a show was some gals in a show troupe. If them gals wouldn't fetch the old feller around, then I'd lay down *my* hand. But we couldn't git him over there in time to see the show, for they're goin' to leave for San Antonio to-morrow."

"You ast about 'em, Keno?"

"I shore did."

"That's too bad," reflected Daly; "but I don't reckon it'd 'a' done the boss no good, nohow."

But Keno was strong for the show.

"W'y, hang it, Bill," said he, "I tell you it was plumb foolish!"

He went into details after supper, producing a book containing the songs of the show, as well as the pictures of the fetching ladies in short skirts who sang them, concluding his boost for the entertainment with agile, although rather free, imitations.

Bill pondered it a while.

"I was thinkin'," said he, "that five of us could git away to-morrow and go with the boss up to San Antonio and see that show. If it's as good as you say it is, Keno—and I ain't doubtin' your word, only you might 'a' been razzled by them purty gals till your judgment was bad—but if it's even *half* as good as you say it is, hanged if I don't believe it'll fetch him. With a few of us fellers along to kind o' cheer him on the way, I think we could git him up to San Antonio all right."

The ranch of which the lugubrious Mr. Miller was proprietor was thirty-five miles from the railway station, and he was considerably used up when his earnest band of laugh-hunters landed him there in his buckboard three hours before train-time the next day.

Seth, protesting that he'd never live to see San Antonio, giving Daly final instructions for finding his will and disposing of his estate, bundled himself into a seat in the waiting-room, feeling that all in life was, indeed, vanity, and the pursuit of laughter the vainest thing of all.

Bill went to the platform to stretch his legs, and incidentally look a little for anything that might serve as emergency treatment until the arrival of the train. According to Bill's recollection, Seth hadn't been in a train since he made the last shipment of cattle to Kansas City, three years before, about the time he lost his laugh. He had faith in the train as a brightener, and in the show which bore Keno's indorsement as a cure. But he had to have something to keep Seth from freezing up entirely before the train came.

There wasn't much of promise in the prospect for a man dying for a laugh. There was the little yellow station with the roof pulled down over its eyes, surly and unfriendly, the station master's house, with two red shirts blowing on a line in the yard, the cattle pens, and so on.

"A feller'd have to be even harder up'n the boss is before he could see anything to laugh at in this here lay-out," muttered Bill. "If that there show of Keno's fails to fetch him, I reckon it's Katy-bar-the-door for pore old Seth!"

The efforts of the four men stationed in the waiting-room by Bill to cheer Seth fell flatter than refined drama in London. Seth continued to wilt and droop and double over until it looked as if his nose would hit the floor. When the train whistled they had to admit that it looked as if they'd unload a dead man at St. Antonio if they ever took Seth aboard.

"He never could stand it, fellers," announced Bill as the train pulled up at the station; "it'd be next to murder to put that old feller on the train. You stay here with him, Keno, and the rest of you fellers you come with me."

The guard was trotting toward the telegraph office when the search party for the lost laugh filed out of the waiting-room door.

"Mr. Guard," hailed Bill, "have you-all got a troupe of opery folks on this here train?"

"Git out of the way! Git out of the way!

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Let me git to the winder!" waved the guard pettishly.

"Don't git too sudden in your manners, mister," warned Bill. "We want to know if you've got a troupe of opery folks on this here train, bound from Laredo to San Antonio?"

"Is this a committee of welcome?" sneered the guard, bracing himself to face the music. "I've got some orders at that winder, and if you'll be kind enough to step aside I'd like to git at 'em!"

"When you answer a civil question, mister, you can pass," said Bill stroking his moustache with the backs of his fingers, which was a sign to those who knew him that he was holding himself in. "I ast you once or twice, and I ain't goin' to ast you no more but this one time; have you——"

"I have, Mr. President of the committee," answered the guard, with sarcasm in his small, cold eye.

"Then pass on and git them orders." Bill fell back, making a breach in the line, speaking after the guard as he trotted through. "When you come out, I'll ast you to lead me to 'em."

When he appeared again, the guard displayed an intention to evade and ignore the committee, which was lined up respectfully with its shoulder-blades against the station wall.

Bill threw out a signal; the committee swung across the guard's way, blocking him suddenly and completely.

"Mister, do you recall my request about that opery troupe?" asked Bill.

"I ain't got no time to stand around answerin' questions for a lot of brigands—my business is runnin' this train, savvey!"

This from the guard. But it failed to throw a quake into Bill. All that Bill did was to slide out his chin like a bureau drawer and pull his eyes in—or at least it looked like that—by the same movement. He leaned over the short guard.

"Right now you're livin' for the purpose of answerin' my questions as near like a little gentleman as you know how," said Bill. "The quicker you git down to it, the sooner you can run off and play with your purty little steam train. Where is them opery folks at? Lead me to 'em!"

"Yes, I'll have you pinched for interfering with the United States mail," said the guard, making a dash for the left flank to meet a lean man with a wall eye and a hairy fist; "ye-es, I'll see the whole gang of you doin' time for this hold-up!"

The brakeman ran back to the assistance of his chief, heads appeared at windows, passengers flocked to the platform.

Bill placed a detaining hand on the guard's shoulder.

"Now lead me to 'em, son," said he with patronising gentleness.

A little man wearing a vest the colour of an omelet pushed in.

"I am the manager of the company," he announced. "What can I do for you?"

"All right, then, I want to make a deal with you," said Bill.

"It's this a-way," continued Bill, fronting the manager, pushing back his hat, and laying off the case in his palm; "my boss, he's lost his voice. Did you hear of a cow losing her cud? Never did, huh? Well, they lose 'em sometimes, and then you have to ram a dishrag, or a section of your shirt, salted and greased, down their gizzards. If you don't they'll die. Like as not they'll die anyhow, but you do all you can to save 'em.

"Well, that's the way it is with my boss. He's one of the biggest-hearted fellers that ever swore, but his laugh leaked out about three years ago. He ain't got no more laugh in him now'n a dried catfish."

"Of course, our business is finding the laughs of men," smiled the little manager, "but I don't see how we can help your boss back to his unless he'll come on to San Antonio with us and see the show. Besides that, you're worrying the guard to death. He'll perish in a minute if you don't let him start the train."

"If he wants to blow up, let him blow," said Bill. "As I was sayin', it's this a-way. One of my men seen your show in Laredo, and he says it beats anything he ever set in front of before."

"Loveliness and laughter, thirty artists, mostly girls," said the manager, getting away with it, from much repetition, as if he believed it himself.

"We started to take the boss to San Antonio to see your show," explained Bill, "but the old feller give out before we got him here, and he ain't able to make it. I want to know what your rate'd be, mister, to stop here and pull off your show for him?"

"Preposterous!" said the manager.

Bill drew nearer in argumentative attitude.

"Now, you look here, mister," said he, "here's a man that's dyin' because he's lost his laugh. You've got a whole car full of medicine that might save his life, but you refuse to let him have even a spoonful. Is that the situation, mister?"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"That's the situation," nodded the manager, a spark of humour striking in his tight little face.

"Well," said Bill reflectively, glancing over his shoulder to the place where his men still restrained the fuming guard, "if this was a disease that a doctor could cure, and I went to the only doctor in the land and wanted him to git on his hoss and go to the ranch with me and dose up some of his truck for the boss, and that there doctor refused to come, me offerin' him full pay, what do you reckon I'd do?

"I'd lay hands on him," continued Bill, grasping the manager's collar with a quick outshooting of the arm, "the same as I'm laying hands on you, and I'd tell him he could either dope out his truck for the boss 'r swaller lead! I'm sayin' the same to you. You've got the medicine the boss needs, and you're goin' to dish it out to him, no matter if you never git to San Antonio!"

That was an amazed manager, and his amazement grew when Bill handed him over to his men for keeping and ordered the guard to back the show-people's coach into the siding beside the cattle-pens. The guard, seeing that to be the only way by which he could go on with the train, complied. But he saved many handsome threats.

"You'll have to pull off your tricks in the waitin'-room," explained Bill, "for the boss ain't able to set in the wind. I reckon we'll have to stand the musicianers in the baggage-room and leave the door open. They can fiddle and toot in one place as good as another."

Benches and table were carried out by the committee, and Seth was propped in a corner. Bill stationed himself at the sufferer's side, the book of songs which Keno had brought from Laredo in his hand, and gave the word for the show to begin.

"Don't shirk any of it," he warned. "You begin at the top and go through to the bottom."

Seth was an indifferent spectator and an apathetic listener. He seemed to stick up his ears a little at first when the girls began to frolic before him, but as their stage outfits were in the baggage-car speeding on towards San Antonio, and the show was being put on in the conventional dress of civilisation, Seth's interest soon glimmered out.

The company, frightened and nervous, went about the business jerkily, in spite of the applause which the slightest efforts won from Seth's friends. The manager had the telegraph-operator cornered in his little office sending messages like a fiend, and the madder he got the cooler the company in the waiting-room became.

It seemed to Bill that the man with the big fiddle, that he stood on end to play, was the only one inclined to give him a crooked deal. Bill often caught him with his arm idle, and found it necessary to speak to him about it at last.

"Throw yourself into it, young feller," cautioned Bill, "and don't try to come any of your dodges on me. I know when a man's earnin' his money, no matter what the size of his fiddle is. I'd hate to have to mention it to you ag'in."

There was no need of that. The big-fiddle man threw himself into it after Bill's warning without regard to time or occasion, to the general confusion of the score.

Seth gazed glumly at the impressed actors who were labouring under difficulties to effect his cure. It would have been a triumph to coax a grin across that clouded face, and the members of the company felt it. For once they worked for art, and art only.

But it wasn't any use. Seth sat there with his eyes shut, his bony chin wedged into his collar. He even broke into one of the funniest things in the show, pulling Bill down by the arm, and whispering in his ear:

"You rec'lect what I told you about buryin' me on that knoll, don't you, Bill?" said he.

Meanwhile, an engine pulling a train-load of armed men, company detectives, and a lawyer, was rushing from the nearest division point on the line to the rescue of the railway's precious passengers.

At length the show came to an end, as the worst show, as well as the best, will do if you give it time enough. Bill had checked off the last song, and was pretty certain that they hadn't cheated him to any great extent.

The soubrette, who had three adult grandchildren on tour, was making up to Seth.

"How do you feel now, you poor man?" she honeyed, patting his bony hand—it was blue, like the drumstick of a boarding-house rooster—with motherly caress. "Don't you think you could smile a little now?"

"I never felt sadder in my life than I do this minute, missy," sighed Seth; "but I don't blame you folks none. You done the best you could; you done fine; but I kain't smile no more'n a buzzard!"

"Well," said Bill, "me and the boys, we've made up a little sum and amount amongst us, and we'd like to hand——"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The wavering scream of a fast-running locomotive broke Bill's voice down at this interesting point, in spite of the straining effort of the players to catch the finish.

"They're coming, they're coming!" shouted the manager to the operator, dancing up the platform in excitement.

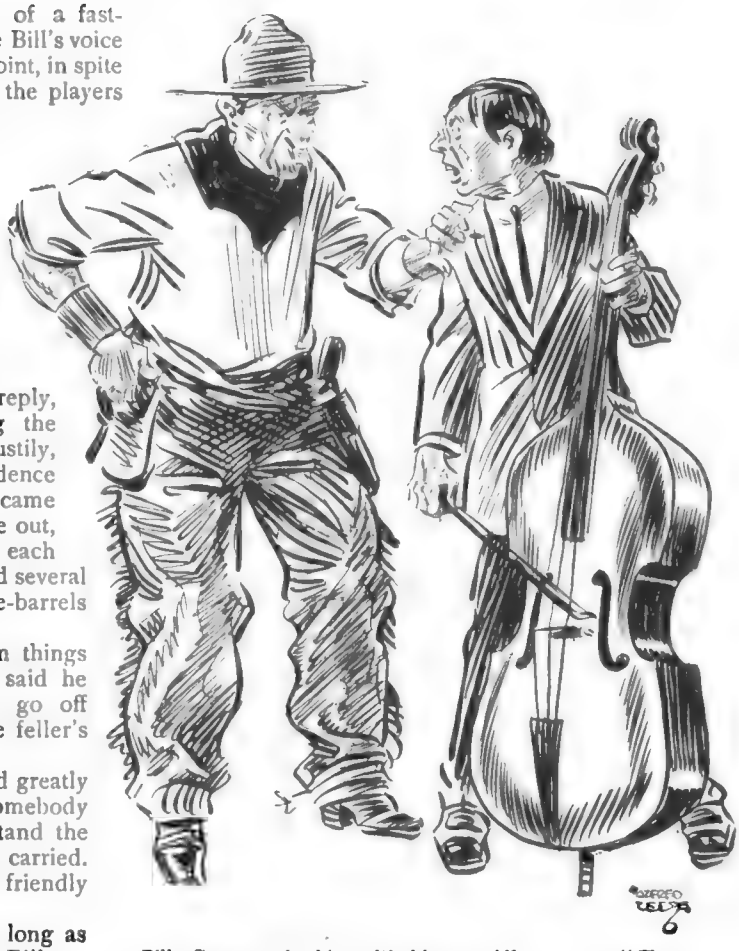
"Ah-h, — er — you were saying?" said the first comedian, leaning wistfully towards Bill.

Bill had no time to reply, for the special carrying the armed men came in dustily, with a great show of confidence and noise. The lawyer came out, the armed men came out, their guns pointing at each other's heads. Bill pushed several of the threatening rifle-barrels down with gentle hand.

"I wouldn't p'int them things around thataway, boys," said he kindly, "for they might go off and make a hole in some feller's hat."

The armed men seemed greatly relieved on meeting somebody who appeared to understand the habits of the things they carried. They regarded Bill with friendly eyes.

"They won't hurt you, long as you p'int 'em down," said Bill.

The lawyer had buttonholed the manager of the theatrical company. Seth called the manager.

Bill often caught him with his arm idle. . . . "Throw yourself into it, young fellow," cautioned Bill, "and don't try to come any of your dodges on me."

"I don't want nobody to work for me for nothin'," announced Seth, when the little manager stood before him, "no matter if it is work throwed away. You done the best you knowed how, and I've seen the day I'd 'a' laughed myself holler over them songs and jokes. How much did you say you stood to lose by missin' your engagement at San Antonio to-night?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said the manager, multiplying readily by five, "at the very lowest figure."

Seth snaked out an old wallet which was sprung about the seams from straining to cover sums vaster than the little manager ever had fingered save in his dreams. He opened it, while the manager stood by trying to swallow something dry which became bigger and harder to control as Seth counted out a pile of beautiful, golden-backed bills.

In the splendour of their glory and the magnificence of their purchasing power the manager's little yellow vest looked like something left over from the evening before. He buttoned his coat, still trying to swallow something dry.

"There," said Seth, pushing the money along his thigh towards the manager, "that's what you lost by not bein' in San Antonio to-night."

Seth was busy again with the beautiful money, while the members of the company crowded around with dry lips and turbulent hearts.

"And here, divide this other fifteen hundred among the folks along with you,"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

said Seth, pushing the money along his greasy thigh. "I'll be dead by to-morrow mornin'; it won't do me no good to keep it, and I ain't got nobody to leave it to but these boys."

The soubrette was moved to tears. She rushed forward in a whirl of dangling hair and kissed Seth before he could lift a hand.

Bill put his hand under Seth's arm and lifted him gently to his feet.

"I reckon we'll be rackin' off towards home, old feller," said he.

Seth was worse undoubtedly. That was plain to Bill and his men as they rode beside the buckboard back towards the ranch. He leaned against the seat, his head rolling about as if he had lost all interest in it,

"Looks like we could 'a' found a joke somewheres in this here world full of jokes," reflected Bill, shaking his head sadly, "that'd 'a' fetched the old feller around."

"Never was one made that was funny enough to do it," protested Keno. "We've give him the best, Bill."

They were about half-way home when these observations passed between Keno and Bill. The man who drove the buckboard jerked his head towards Seth with eloquent expression.

"He's a goner," said he.

An old cow, bony from her years and scrawny by nature, which had been left behind by some distant herd, was making her way slowly across the road, which ran crookedly between clumps of tall bushes. There was no room for turning out to drive round her, and she displayed a contemptuous disposition for taking her own time.

They yelped and yelled at her, and charged her with their horses, which came up humpbacked and stiff-legged with their noses over her back, but she didn't turn a hair. The commotion aroused Seth. He opened his eyes and sat up.

"All right, grandma," said Bill, slapping the old cow's lean withers with his hat, "take your time. We can wait on a lady."

The cow moved slowly across the trail, stopping in the edge of the thicket to turn a reproachful glance upon the noisy band. Seth, sitting a bit straighter in the buckboard, looked at her and stiffened his back. They passed on. The man beside Seth noticed that he did not relax his pose of new interest in the things of this world, and wondered what it meant.

They had gone a few hundred yards beyond the cow when Seth's laugh startled them. It came dry and hard-pitched, as if it had made its way out through a crack, but it was a laugh, it was the breaking of the pent waters for the lack of which his parched soul was withering away.

The cavalcade came to a sudden halt. They gathered around Seth, who sat in the buckboard thrashing his legs with his hat. Seth was wrestling with that laugh as the patriarch wrestled with the angel, for he was bent on having its blessing before he let it go.

"One of them jokes has hit him—one of 'em's soaked through," said Bill.

Then began a joyful demonstration in which firearms played a noisy part. They rode circles around the buckboard, they whooped, they sang.

Seth quieted down after a while, and they pressed around him, shaking hands, inquiring eagerly what joke it was that set him off.

Seth, afraid to trust himself with the works of the newly-started machine too far, clamped his mouth firmly and shook his head.

"He'll tell us when we git home," said the man who was driving, giving the horses a cut which sent them bounding ahead.

They asked no more questions. It was enough for them that Seth Miller had found his laugh, and they laughed with him as he played with it all the way home, like a girl with a new bracelet on her arm.

It was nearly midnight when they reached the ranch, for the first part of the journey had been a slow jog, but Seth bounced out of the buckboard on a new pair of legs and roused out the cook.

"Let me eat, boys," he pleaded, "and then I'll tell you what it was."

After supper Seth got out his pipe. "I feel like I'd live to be a hundred now, boys," said he. "It come to me when I seen that old cow."

Seth clamped his hands to his hollow sides and shook. His mouth was shut tight around his pipe-stem, and little spurts of smoke tallied off the explosions which he smothered.

After a struggle it eased up, and Seth wiped his eyes.

They looked at him expectantly, their breath moving quickly. What joke, out of all the jokes, was it that had soaked through?

"I wrenched m' heart when it took me the first time," he explained, "and I'm afraid I'll bust it if I let it out. But I'll tell you how it was. When I was a little feller back in M'zoury I went to the minstrel show. One of the niggers he says to the white man,

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

They had gone a few hundred yards beyond the cow when Seth's laugh startled them.

he says: 'Say, boss, what makes the old cow——' "

Seth had to stop there to shut in the fires of his mirth. His face reddened under the strain and his chest heaved till it seemed as if it must burst.

He turned his face around the circle appealingly, as if begging them to be patient for their reward. After a while he let off the steam with a big sigh and took up his story.

The others waited with bated breath.

"'What makes the old cow,' says he, 'cross the road?' 'Tell *me*,' the white feller says; 'I don't know what makes the old cow cross the road.' Well, the nigger he up and says, he says, 'She does it,' he says"—Seth hurried, for it was coming on him again—"'to git to the *other side!*'"

Seth's face had been reddening like a man who holds his breath and runs through fire. With the last words he let the laugh go, and it poured from him in a stream.

The others sat looking at him patiently. Seth had been a long time without a laugh. Let him have it out. It was his day. When he had calmed down, said Bill:

"That's all right, old feller; go ahead and tell us the joke."

Seth looked at him, passing his gaze from face to face, his chin dropped, a startled, questioning expression in his eyes.

"Joke?" said he. "Well, *which* joke?"

"The one that jarred you loose down the road, you know. You started out to tell us."

"Joke?" repeated Seth, groping a little, as if he didn't quite get it. "Well, burn you, Bill, *that* was the joke! 'To git to the *other side!*' he says. That's the joke. Hang it, Bill, ain't you got no humour in you—can't you see the p'int?" With that the laugh broke out again.

* * * * *

"Well?" said Keno to Bill a little later, when they stood alone outside the boss's door.

"No; he ain't cracked," said Bill.

"And think of all the huntin' and searchin' we done!" said Keno.

"We raked the country end to end," said Bill.

"And what'd you say, partner, if a feller was to ast you if you knowed a funny joke when you seen it?" inquired Keno, after a moment or two.

"Not if I met it in the road," said Bill.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Timber Gee-Gee

By R. B. Townshend.

Everyone cannot afford a real live horse, but the timber gee-gee described here can be made by any amateur carpenter, and is of the greatest value to those learning to ride. It is also excellent sport.

In the year one of this present century I happened to be watching a couple of very raw recruits taking turns to fall off a horse in the presence of an officer. They were intended for the Mounted Infantry in South Africa, and truly I felt sorry for them.

Ever since the fiasco of the Jameson Raid I had done what I could to teach English boys to shoot, but the sight of these poor lads, destined probably to become the helpless victims of De Wet or Delarey, set me thinking whether I could not add to the shooting a little elementary practice in the art of riding. It happened that I went to see a friend who was moving house, and found him clearing out of the lumber room of his new abode various objects only fit for firewood, and among these was the broken underpart of an old rocking-horse. An idea struck me.

"You had better let me have that," said I. "Maybe I can find a use for it."

So I carried off the derelict, mended the rocker that was broken, bolted on lengthwise two stout six-foot ash sticks, and lashed very firmly over the sticks a barrel thirty inches long by fourteen inches diameter. A flooring of light boards was nailed under the rockers, so that they should not cut into the turf of the lawn, and the figure of the barrel was improved by a moderately elevated croup.

To make the seat less hard, the barrel was padded by sewing a piece of carpet round it, and a slab of linoleum was tacked over all, but the horse having no saddle and the linoleum being very slippery, he was hard to sit bare-back. To make it easier to "remain," wooden stirrups were added, and a sort of spring-board was attached underneath the rockers at the rear. I afterwards omitted the spring-board when I built an improved horse on which an ordinary riding saddle could be girthed.

Saddling up. It will be noticed that the curve of one rocker is slightly in advance of the other. This helps to reproduce the motion of a moving horse most realistically.

Schoolboys and Scouts simply loved my mechanical gee-gees, and they took eagerly to shooting from their backs both with air-pistol and rifle. The illustration which depicts one of them aiming straight

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

behind him with an air-pistol, will show the combined simplicity and strength with which his mount is built. In a little while the boys improved so much that the idea occurred to me that it might be possible to devise a full-sized horse suitable for men.

A pair of heavy six-foot curved boards, two inches by sixteen inches, were picked up at a builder's sale for a few shillings; these became the rockers. Their curve had a radius of about ten feet, and was slightly elliptical; I joined the two together side by side and three feet apart, but I set them so that, instead of corresponding exactly, the lowest part of the ellipse of one was about a foot in advance of the lowest part of the other. Thus, when they were set rocking, the motion was not only up and down but also sideways, reminding one a little of a steamboat rolling as well as pitching.

The illustration where a sergeant is seen saddling up shows the different setting of the two curves, and thus explains the double kind of oscillation of which the horse's body is capable. At the two ends of the rockers, what one may call the fore and hind quarters of the horse are built up of stout deal quartering with a three-foot board, twelve inches by two, across the upper part. Four holes are made in each board besides two grooves on top, and six three-quarter-inch hemp ropes, passing through them, are stretched from end to end, and made taut by the screw tighteners attached to the frame.

In this cradle of the six ropes I set a three-foot barrel, oval in section, fourteen inches by eighteen inches, and on the upper line of it I affixed with screws an external backbone having a high wither and a broad croup. Cleats were screwed to the lower side of the barrel to keep the ropes from slipping, and then a strong lashing of stout cord was very firmly put on to bind the ropes, backbone, and barrel tight together. An outer skin of stout cocoa-matting was finally laced over all, and the finished horse was ready to carry any make of saddle—military, hunting, cow-boy, or pack-saddle. To keep the saddle from working

The wrong—

—and the right way to mount. The right way is to go up with a spring, and not haul oneself up by the hands.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Many boys envy the cowboys in the Wild West films at cinematograph theatres. With a mechanical horse it is possible to have a most exciting time in the garden. The wooden bull is made to run on a perambulator wheel, and its horns are composed of bicycle handles.

about I found it well to employ a crupper and breast plate or else a surcingle; the latter is shown where the sergeant is seen saddling up.

A good oval hardwood barrel is not easy to find; mine was made especially for me by Mr. Bishop, cooper, Town Dock, Portsmouth, who charged £1 for it. Apart from making the barrel, the job is quite within the compass of a common carpenter or a handy amateur. The cost of the ropes, strainers, deals, bolts, and screws might come to £3, and, of course, if you got the horse made by a regular carpenter he would charge for his time. Being the inventor, I naturally made it all myself, and I finished it off with a removable neck constructed of coil springs and carrying a double rein. The horse stood about fifteen and a half hands high.

When the mechanical horse was completed I showed it to several officers, both cavalry and infantry, and they were all struck with its value for teaching purposes. To take one example, if a recruit instead of going up with a spring tries to pull himself up to the saddle by his hands, the barrel, slung in its cradle of ropes, immediately turns half-over towards him so that he finds it hardly possible to get on.

The illustration, where the sergeant is

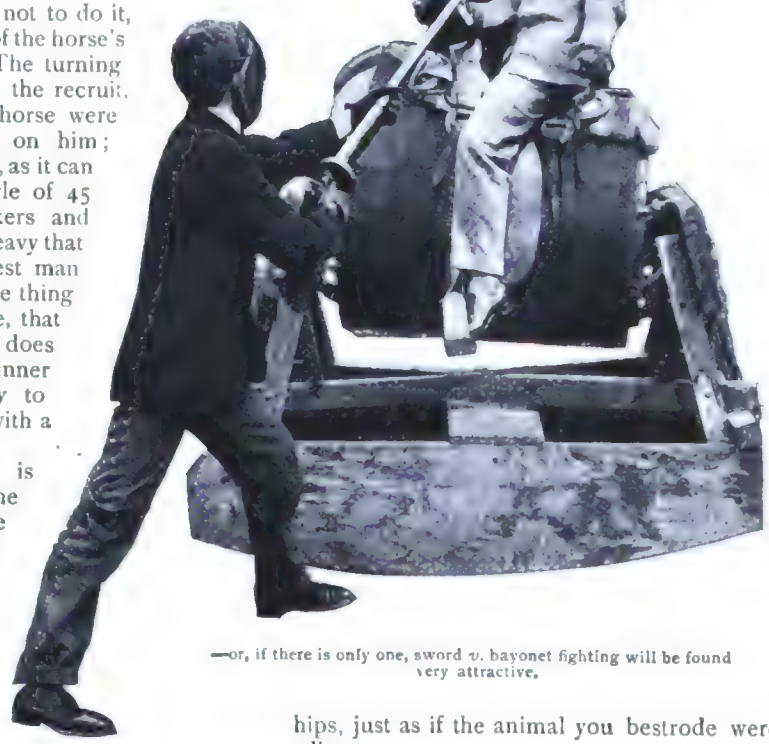
Garden polo is most amusing, and the players are able to practise striking the ball from either side.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Exciting mounted fencing bouts are possible when one possesses a stud of timber gee-gees—

demonstrating how not to do it, shows the mobility of the horse's body admirably. The turning of the body alarms the recruit, who feels as if the horse were going to fall over on him; it is really quite safe, as it can only turn to an angle of 45 deg., and the rockers and under-body are so heavy that not even the heaviest man could pull the whole thing over. All the same, that half-turn of the body does rub it into the beginner that the right way to mount is to go up with a spring.

Once the rider is firmly seated in the saddle and the horse set going, it is curious to watch the smile that comes over his face as he feels the realistic nature of the action. The side-swing given to the movable barrel by the different setting of the rocker curves makes your mount feel quite absurdly lifelike. The horse seems to give to each shifting of your weight, and you instinctively grip the saddle with your knees, keeping your balance by the play of your body from the hips, just as if the animal you bestrode were alive.



—or, if there is only one, sword *v.* bayonet fighting will be found very attractive.

But it is not only for military purposes that the wooden steed can be utilised. He is quite effective for lassoing, and for this purpose I have also invented a wooden bull, and it requires no little skill with the lasso to catch and to hold him.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAKING the BEST of LIFE

By
Mr. Optimist.

Every month I have a little talk with readers of the ROYAL, and try to help and advise them how to make the best of things. So please write to me if you are in doubt about your choice of a career, or dissatisfied with your present position.

My post bag has been full to overflowing. Evidently the readers of the Royal are a fine body of men and women, determined to make the best of their lives and eager to help me with all kinds of advice, encouragement, and suggestions. I have read every letter that has come to hand with great interest, and have replied to many of them by post direct.

H. W. J. (Monmouthshire), for example, writes most refreshingly about his hopes and plans. "My ambition is rather high," he declares, "and at present appears unattainable; in short, I want to fly." Well, Mr. H. W. J., if you have pluck and determination there is no reason why some day you should not become a successful aviator. But as you have absolutely no funds it will naturally be a much harder fight than if you could afford a course at a flying school.

First make it your business to acquire a comprehensive and practical knowledge of the design, construction, and working of all kinds of internal-combustion engines; for, after all, outside the actual pilotage of the machine, aviation simply resolves itself into possessing a thorough knowledge of this description. You must get a post as a beginner in some motor works or garage, and work with all the strength and brains at your command.

Having gained this preliminary training, you should then apply for a position as a mechanic with one of the leading aviation concerns, in order that you may gain a first-hand knowledge of the work and routine. The rest will naturally depend upon yourself. I have little doubt, however, that if you betrayed initiative and resource you would very soon have an opportunity of learning the controlling and pilotage of a machine, subsequent to which you would eventually attain your desire, and become a qualified pilot.

The man who wants to fly.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Vera H., writing from Leeds, takes me to task for not having referred so far to what she declares is the simplest way of all to make the best of life—namely, to get married. To the fair Vera—I am sure she is charming, for she writes such a neat round hand—I must plead guilty. In self-defence, however, let me add that the idea *had* occurred to me, but I was just the least little bit afraid the topic might prove too controversial, so I funked it. However, now that my Yorkshire lady reader has stepped boldly in where I feared to tread, there can be no shirking the issue.

In the first place, it is hardly necessary for me to point out that Vera's plan for imbibing the full sweets of life is a trifle lacking in novelty and freshness. Not that it is any the worse for that—not the least bit. Moreover, she does not support her opinion by giving any reasons or arguments which I might lay before readers for their personal guidance. The fact that Vera herself has not yet embarked upon the sea of matrimonial happiness possibly explains her reticence. The only help she gives me is her claim that, like a certain widely advertised method of doing business, it is "so simple."

But how does Vera know it is simple if she hasn't done it? And

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

then, suppose that by some mischance you found after the ceremony that in point of fact you were making the *worst* of life instead of the best? The simplicity of it all would be a very poor solace. At least, so it seems to me. My own private opinion is that most unhappy marriages turn out badly not on account of "*marriage*," which is a very respectable and helpful institution in its way, but because of the wretchedly poor stuff of which one or both of the contracting parties happen to be made.

Don't neglect your personal appearance.

THE BALANCE OF BODY AND BRAIN.

This brings me to the point that if you want to make the best of life you must start by making the best of yourself. There is no spectacle more pathetic than that of a man wearing out his body with work while his mind decays in idleness. You haven't got the strength of a beast of burden, so why go into competition with him when nature has gifted you with a brain?

Where men make the mistake is that they don't realise that the brain is not much use unless it is trained and taken care of. Why, I know a fellow who takes more care of his bicycle than his brain. His bike is always clean, well oiled, and shiny bright. But his brain is rusty and dull through years of neglect, and his employer told me the other day that he had already lost two chances of promotion because he wouldn't trouble to learn the technical side of his work.

"SPIT AND POLISH."

In this connection let me give you just a word of caution. Don't neglect your personal appearance. You would be surprised if you knew the importance which many employers attach to a clean, neat appearance. Very likely they would not admit this even to themselves. But the fact remains.

Let us assume that there are two candidates for a certain position. The first of these buys the best clothes he can afford. He takes care of his suits and has them pressed from time to time. His linen is clean, and his hands and hair are well cared for. The other youth is dirty and slovenly. His clothes are creased and shiny, and his general appearance is the reverse of attractive.

You can bet your last halfpenny that the first man gets the job—every time. To avoid misunderstanding, I don't want any of my readers employed in the chimney-sweeping industry to write asking how to keep their linen clean. There are exceptions to every rule.

HOW OPTIMISM PAYS.

Here is an interesting case from my letter bag:

Hopeful (Norfolk) was a clerk drawing poor wages until he was forty years of age, when he got the sack owing to his firm cutting down expenses. Fortunately he was an optimist, and instead of sitting down and bemoaning his bad luck, set out and secured a job as a salesman. A good conversationalist, and determined to succeed, he was soon earning £5 a week in his new berth although he had no previous experience to help him.

He asks me whether salesmen are "born" or "made." This is quite a difficult question to answer. There are certainly a number of natural gifts which are a tremendous help to the successful salesman. On the other hand, the science of salesmanship has been so thoroughly studied of recent years that there are in the United Kingdom to-day thousands of men, and women too, who had no great natural aptitude for the work, and who have made themselves experts through careful study and self-training.

SELLING ONE'S OWN SERVICE.

Whether or not you are a professional salesman, you are at least interested in the problem of selling your own services. Have you ever thought seriously about this? Are you sure that you are marketing your abilities to the best advantage? You owe it to yourself to find the right employer, the one whose business offers the most favourable opportunity for your advancement. The easiest way to get a job is to convince your prospective employer that you can help him to make money. Therefore, before you make application, be sure that you can give him the service that will be found profitable.

Autumn is approaching, and most of my readers will be making plans for the winter. Beside recreations there may also be a vague idea about "attending some classes or something and learning something," as I once heard a young lady express it. Joking apart, I want all those of us who are trying to make the best of our lives to do something definitely during the winter season towards accomplishing our purpose, and if you need any advice or suggestions, please write to your friend,

Mr. Optimist.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Children's Pretty Pet

"Charge, Chester, charge!
On, Stanley, on!"

By Fox Russell.

Returning to the bosom of my family one night, after a hard day's work in the city, I was greeted by my eldest boy (Napoleon Alexander), who appeared in the hall of our villa residence with the local weekly paper in one hand and a lump of half-used toffee in the other, with the words:

"Oh, pa, may we have a pet all of our very own; it won't cost anything; it's to be given away; look!" and he held out part of the newspaper with a long pencilled mark against an advertisement column headed "STABLE." Beneath this was the following announcement. My second son (Demetrius Maximilian) leant against my arm as I read:

CHILDREN'S PRETTY PET.—Wanted Good home for favourite animal, accustomed to children. Apply A. R. 2005.

I beamed through my glasses at the curly-headed youngster who presented his petition in such winsome form.

"What's all this about, my boy?" I asked, as I took off my overcoat and followed him into the sitting-room, where Caroline, my wife, sat at work—that never-ending work which always, somehow, fails to reach the fruition stage.

I smiled patronisingly at Caroline and repeated my question: "What's all this about?"

Caroline gave a brief explanation, from which I gathered that I was expected to write in answer to the advertisement just quoted, and volunteer for the post of dumping-ground required for this presumably equine derelict. I did not quite "catch on"; if the animal were worth anything at all, I argued, it would surely have been turned into money and not offered as a free gift.

"But then you see, Herbert, this is evidently an old favourite for which they want a good home. We could keep it in the tool-shed and feed it with the grass from the lawn-mower; I've often thought what a pity it is to waste it. And a horse would be such an amusement to the children."

"How do you know it's a horse?" I said, putting on one of my crafty looks.

Caroline tossed her head; she always is a little impatient with me.

"Doesn't the advertisement appear under the heading 'Stable.' Why is a stable built except for a horse?"

"Or an ass," was my quick-witted reply.

Quick-witted replies don't seem to go down with Caroline; she only remarked icily:

"Perhaps the wish is father to the thought and you have more affinity with the smaller animal of the two."

This tart answer had the immediate effect of breaking off negotiations, and it was only after the soup had been got through at dinner that we re-opened conversation.

"At all events," quoth Caroline, "if the animal didn't suit we should be no worse off than before; we could always sell it, or you could kill it, Herbert."

I at once disclaimed any intention of turning amateur executioner; I am not a man of blood, neither should I have any use for the animal's carcase. I am no sausage eater.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The upshot of all this was that after answering the advertisement and finding that the beast advertised resided only six miles from us, I took a day off, in order to inspect the "gift horse."

The curious part proved to be that, up to the moment of walking into the stable yard of Editha Villa, I was equally divided in my mind as to whether the animal I had come to see would prove to be a horse or an ass. The stable door stood open and I peeped in to see; it was neither; the "pretty pet" was a mule.

Then a voice behind me exclaimed:

"Morning, sir—come to see our Jennie, eh? There's a whole lot of people will be after it, but as you're the first, well, 'first come, first served'; that's fair, isn't it?"

"Oh, essentially," I murmured in somewhat doubtful tones, dry-shaving my chin with my hand. We entered the stable together, both getting jammed in the doorway as we did so. After mutual apologies we at once proceeded to the work of inspection, and my companion loudly shouted for "Toby!"

In response to this, a small, weazened-up looking man, who might have been any age from twenty to sixty, appeared upon the scene. Toby was apparently not in the best of tempers when bidden to put a bridle on Jennie and bring her out into the yard, and the man went to the harness-room grumbling *sotto voce*.

"He doesn't like Jennie," whispered my companion to me confidentially. "All prejudice."

I was not quite sure that I liked Jennie myself.

"Yes, certainly," I assented. "Still, I don't know that I quite want a mule. You see, I don't know very much about mules, and don't they bite and kick rather?"

"Not this one, not Jennie," asserted my friend. "But come, I should like you to see her out."

"May I ask what is your reason for parting with her?"

He was quite ready with his answer.

"Fact is, my dear sir, she has been a pet of the family—regular plaything for the children—so long, that we haven't the heart to sell her, and as we are returning to Australia——"

At this juncture Toby appeared, towing a very unwilling Jennie behind him. My companion continued speaking rapidly.

"She's so well known in the neighbourhood——"

'She is *that!*" chimed in the more-than-corroborative Toby.

His master frowned at him and rippled on in his insinuating way.

"We really only want a good home for her; she's as quiet as a—whoa, Jennie!" as a swish of the tail heralded a vigorous lash out of her near hind leg, which caught the yard dog fairly in the ribs and forwarded him to the oak park paling beyond.

"Playful old rogue!" quoth her owner, patting her neck confidentially, but, as I thought, keeping his gaze rather anxiously on her starboard eye. Then, as a happy thought, he produced a piece of carrot from his pocket, and Jennie at once became quiescent.

"Now, I know you'll give her a good home——"

"Oh, certainly—if I take her, but I am not sure that a mule would suit my——"

"This one would," he rejoined quickly. "Put a saddle on her and you can ride her fifty miles; put her in any harness and——"

"She'll kick herself out of it," grunted Toby under his breath. At least, that's what I thought he said.

"Poor old Toby," cried his master in hearty, genial tones, "he doesn't care for riding or driving a mule; prefers something with more courage. These gentle things"—with another hearty smack on the mule's neck—"are wasted on such men as Toby."

"You—you are quite sure about the gentleness?" I spoke in hesitating tones. For reply, he passed his arm through mine and said:

"Come into the house and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, or a whisky-and-soda."

I drank a whisky-and-soda, and then, at the urgent solicitation of my host, I took another, after which I was inclined to view Jennie and her proceedings in a rather more favourable light. I recollected my few days on hireling hunters, recalled my ancient prowess by flood and field with the Tooting Harriers, and by the time I had had "just half a one more"—simply to please my host—I had determined to chance it and take the redoubtable mule on trust.

Furthermore, I decided to ride Jennie home myself, as a surprise to Caroline and the boys. It certainly proved a surprise to me. We again adjourned to the stable yard and rejoined Toby. I made a few inquiries as to the sort of food suitable for mules, and was glad to find that their diet was both

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A threatening action of the mule's hind legs sent him staggering backwards until he encountered his own dog and fell over it.

simple and economical, and my host, in giving a long list of foodstuffs, said:

"In fact, they'll eat anything."

"Yus, and you too, if they gets a chance!" mumbled Toby, and once more doubts assailed me on the subject of mules in general and Jennie in particular. Still, as it stood there, saddled and bridled, it was a handsome beast, and, as Caroline truly said, even if we did not care to keep it we should be none the worse off, after all.

My doubts and misgiving being somewhat allayed, I shook hands with my host and promised to let him know how Jennie got on in her new quarters. Then, strategically approaching the side of the mule, I took up the reins, thrust my foot in the stirrup, and was into the saddle before the "children's pet" could expostulate with its hind leg.

"Splendid!" cried her donor, as he bestowed a last pat on the animal's neck. "I can see that you are a horseman born," and I am sure I blushed my acknowledgments of the compliment. Then he added in earnest tones:

"You'll always be glad that this arrangement between us came off successfully."

I devoutly hoped that *I* should not do so on the road home. Then he handed me my umbrella and turned away, presumably to shed a silent tear. I afterwards found it was to light his pipe.

I slipped half-a-crown into Toby's hand, saying:

"Has she any tricks on the road? You see, I have had no experience of mules!"

"Hoh, as to that," struck in Toby, "this one'll give you all the experience you'll want in a life-time afore you've bin on 'er ten minutes; don't you worry yourself about *that!*"

I began to dismount.

My genial host rushed to my assistance; he grabbed my leg, brought it firmly over the saddle again, lodged my foot in the stirrup and exclaiming:

"Good-bye, good-bye, so sorry you couldn't stop longer; still, you've secured a treat; good-bye, old girl!" he gave the mule a slap on the quarters, stepped sharply out of the way of her heels to avoid possible reprisals, and with a bound which would have cleared a navigable canal I found myself through the stable gates and into the road beyond. And a veritable Via Dolorosa, a road of sorrows, it proved to be.

For the first two hundred yards of the way the brute went quietly enough; its walking paces were easy and its trot not absolutely iniquitous. At the end of about three minutes it suddenly stopped, dropping anchor with an abruptness which caused me to slide up its neck with startling celerity, and I was only kept on my precarious perch by the mule's long ears acting as knee-rolls and enabling me to grip the top of its sullen, sulky-looking head.

I just managed to release myself from this uncertain tenure and get back again into the saddle before Jennie turned round and made a bee-line back for her stable gate. Here she commenced rubbing my leg vigorously against a corner of the garden wall. I tried to calm her with soothing words and my umbrella, and just then I heard Toby's voice on the other side of the gate, evidently speaking to his master.

"Back she've come again with him, the simple innocent!" (Whether this remark referred to me or the mule is a matter about which I am still in doubt.)

Then Toby himself stepped out through the latch gate, followed by his employer, and the latter at once began patting the "children's pretty pet," whilst Toby furtively produced an ash stick and shook it at the beast in a manner expressive less of faith in the velvet glove than in the iron hand.

"Dear old Jennie," said my late genial host, stroking the mule's shaggy neck. "Couldn't bear to leave her old home and part with her master, could she? Dear old thing, then!" withdrawing his hand just in

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

time to avoid Jennie's long yellow teeth. "But she must go, she must, poor old girl."

Then, turning to me, he said:

"I dare not let her into the yard or we may have trouble in getting her out again."

Meantime Toby had taken the creature's bridle in his hand and began leading it away down the road again.

The small boy, attired in a garment obviously cut down from his father's trousers, who had been an interested spectator of the whole proceedings, waved his hoop stick and shouted "'ooray!" whereupon Toby promptly smacked his head, remarking, mystically, that that would "larn him."

As long as the old man continued to lead the beast it walked quietly enough, but directly he let go its head and flourished his stick, Jennie lashed out both heels and caught him lightly in the lower chest.

Toby stepped out of the way just in time to avoid a coroner's inquest. He looked unutterable things at the mule and, but for the restraining presence of his master, I fear he might have swor—used some hasty expressions, I mean. The brute whipped round and started a stately procession for home again, but was promptly headed off by its late master. How fervently I wished that I might, with honour, dismount, and there and then sever my partnership with the sulky brute for ever.

Encouraged by Toby's ash stick and his forcible and picturesque language combined, we once more commenced our homeward march. The pace was slow for about a mile, when a retriever dog joined in the fun, violently barking and snapping at the mule's hairy heels until it put an end to his diversions with its hind foot, whereupon the retriever was suddenly kicked from the middle of the road on to the pathway.

A truculent individual, whom I took to be the dog's owner, came up to me, spluttering with wrath, and interjecting the word "Sir" at frequent intervals in his hasty but interesting speech. When he had blown off his full head of steam, and concluded by opining that I was "no gentleman," I replied that I thought there was a great deal in what he said, and that I would consider the matter at my leisure. Curiously enough, the expression of these conciliatory sentiments seemed only to increase his wrath.

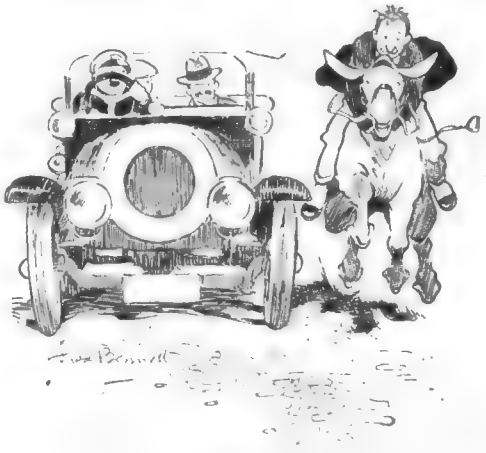
He turned scarlet in the face, and was just about to unmask his heaviest battery of rhetoric for my benefit when a threatening action of the mule's hind legs sent him staggering backwards until he encountered his own dog and fell over it, seating himself with a great deal of unnecessary violence in the middle of the road, whilst the mule and I proceeded on our eventful journey until yet another mile had been covered in the direction of home.

At this juncture Jennie commenced wagging her right ear ominously, whereupon I adjusted my spectacles and examined the ear for traces of a fly, the only result being that the mule threw up her head so suddenly that she caught me a severe blow upon the end of my nose. This led to an abrupt ending of my investigation.

But Jennie was not so easily satisfied, and, deciding upon holding an inquiry of her own, sat down in the road, dog fashion, and proceeded to scratch her ear with her hind leg. This, I need hardly say, caused me some embarrassment, but, being a man fertile in resource, I managed, by holding on like a fly to a ceiling, to remain on my uneasy perch until my steed was prepared to resume its journey.

But by this time, I had quite made up my mind that my new acquisition was not turning out a success; in fact, I felt very strongly disposed to take Jennie back as a "returned empty," and deliver her up to her former owner without more ado.

A big motor-car, coming up rapidly behind us with a roar and a rustle, interrupted these musings and brought my reflections to an abrupt conclusion. Jennie, evidently in sporting mood, bared her teeth, grinned a challenge to the chauffeur, and then started to make a race of it with the car. The driver slowed down, indulging in wild and rude hilarity the while.



The men in the motor roared with ribald laughter. . . It was a joy ride!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Where are you bound for, Johnnie Gilpin?"

"Six to four on Flying Juniper!"

"You ain't wound him up with the right key, guvnor," etc., etc.

In vain I tugged and pulled at the brute's iron mouth. The men in the motor roared with ribald laughter at the contest, whilst Jennie galloped alongside the car throwing her heels into the air every dozen yards or so. It *was* a joy ride!

The traffic grew thicker, the motor slowed down, and Jennie's self-imposed task was ended. Panting, and once more relapsing into sullenness, the mule steadied into a walk, and with a parting benison from the men in the car, amidst which I made out clearly only one piece of ironic advice, *i.e.*, to get inside and pull down the blinds, the mule and I were once more left to our own devices.

Half-a-mile farther on, I was beginning to congratulate myself upon the near terminations of my journey when the redoubtable Jennie cocked her long ears, and, figuratively speaking, cleared the decks for action once more; it was then, for the first time, I heard the strains of martial music in the distance, and five minutes later, swinging round a bend of the road ahead of me, came the brass band of a foot regiment, and, instinctively, I grasped the mule's mane and prepared for t·ouble.

Jennie stood stock still, ignoring all my blandishments and endeavours to get her up a side road. Then, just as the bandsmen got within about fifty paces of us, and the drums crashed out afresh, my steed suddenly ducked her head, at the same moment throwing her heels into the air, and having accomplished this feat, she indulged in a series of stiff-legged bucks immediately in front of the bandsmen, who scattered in all directions, despite the gallant effort to rally them on the part of the Major.

The whole of the English language was hurled at my devoted head in vain, for Jennie continued to hold possession of the middle of the road, and this, of course, most effectually stopped the show.

Then, suddenly snatching hold of the bit with her long yellow teeth, she put her head down, and incontinently bolted.

Through the traffic of the narrow streets, threading her way with an eel-like activity, grazing and bumping my legs against carts, carriages, and tramcars, the mule sped on its way like the wind. But one solitary old gentleman endeavoured to arrest our wild progress, and when the mule approached him he suddenly opened his umbrella right in the animal's face.

The next moment, and we had gone clean over him; the old gentleman sprawled on his back, heels in the air, his umbrella on one side of him, his top hat rolling away on the other. A policeman shouted something to me, but onward I flew till, from sheer exhaustion, Jennie pulled up, a short mile from home.

I rode slowly on, a fell resolve filling my mind, and my heart beating heavily with fixed determination beneath my fancy-check waistcoat. Coming to a District Messenger office, I dismounted. A passing lad was requisitioned to hold Jennie whilst I went in.

A hurried consultation between the clerk and myself was followed by my writing the name and address of the mule's owner on a card. The devoted youth next on duty received instructions from the clerk, who took the fee, and the transaction, as far as I was concerned, was over.

I turned away to hide my grin of diabolical triumph, mightily relieved as I was at being rid of this veritable old man of the sea. Hardly knowing what I did, I pressed half-a-crown into that messenger boy's hand, and wished him a pleasant ride, adding to myself the words, "I don't think!" an expressive phrase borrowed from Napoleon Alexander.

I have never seen that messenger boy since, and can only hope for the best. When the children made inquiry concerning their "Pretty Pet," I vaguely, though with truth, replied that it had "passed away."

The old gentleman sprawled on his back, heels in the air, his umbrella on one side of him, his top hat rolling away on the other.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

£1,000 IN CASH

OFFERED IN OUR

GREAT NEW PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

FIRST PRIZE: £500.

SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE	FOURTH PRIZE
£200	£100	£50

Ten Prizes of £5 Pathéphones (with records),

One Hundred Prizes of £1 each.

ON the following page you will find a set of twelve pictures representing the names of railway stations which have been selected by the Editor, and further sets of pictures will appear monthly in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE. (The first twenty-four pictures appeared in the July and August numbers, obtainable through any newsagent.) These prizes are offered to the readers who discover the names of the railway stations represented under the conditions below.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Competitors are required to write clearly in ink beneath each picture the name of the station they believe it represents, fill in their names and addresses in the space provided, cut out the page, and keep it until further instructions appear in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

First look at the example. You will see that the picture shows a dart and a mouth. The correct answer is DARTMOUTH.

EXAMPLE:

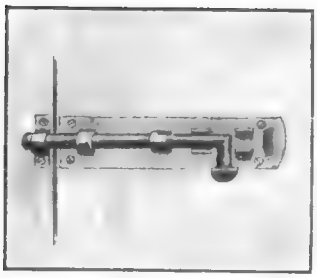
DARTMOUTH.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

1. Write the name of each station clearly in ink. One name only is allowed under each picture.
2. No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake, cross out the word and write it afresh. When you have filled up your list cut it out and keep it till we tell you what to do with it.
3. Competitors may send in as many complete series of pictures as they please, but each complete series will be judged independently. Sets must be fastened together in the top left-hand corner.
4. The prize of £500 will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor receives a complete series of pictures with all the names correct of the actual stations as represented. If no competitor sends in a correct list the prize of £500 will go to the sender of the most nearly correct list. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided.
5. The Editor of the ROYAL will not be responsible for the loss or non-delivery of any attempt, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt or delivery.
6. No member of the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE may enter for this competition.
7. Only the names of railway stations found in Pearson's List of Railway Stations will be admitted. This list is obtainable for 3d. through any newsagent or bookstall, or it will be sent post free for three penny stamps by The Publisher, Room 24, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
8. Competitors must agree to abide by these conditions, and the Editor's decision is in every respect final.

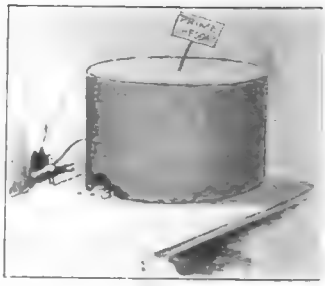
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FOURTH SET OF PICTURE PUZZLES (Nos. 25–36).



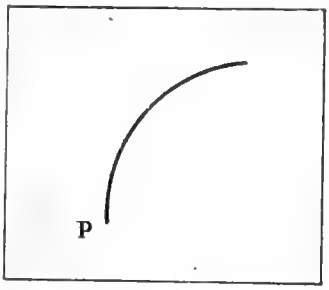
25. .....

26. .....

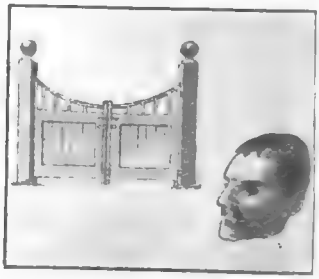


27. .....

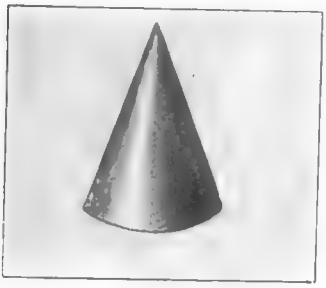
28. .....



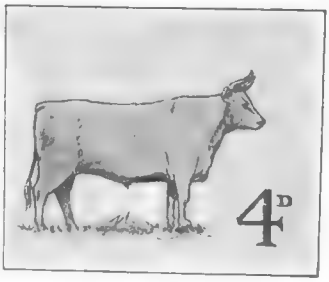
29. .....



30. .....



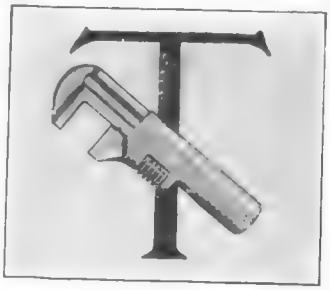
31. .....



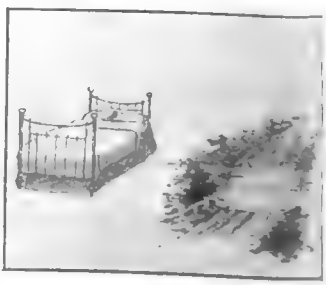
32. .....

33. .....

34. .....



35. .....



36. .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

INTO THE THIRD SILENCE

A Story of the Indian Mutiny.

By Winifred Boggs.

I.

The First Silence.

It was the silence of happiness, of a heart's desire won at last. They sat on the verandah of an Indian bungalow situated in the heart of a province of Bengal, and looked out into the night.

It was the memorable year of 1857, but they were not thinking of mutiny or the rumours of mutiny. Captain Hardacre scarce credited the whisper that the whole country was in a state of covert rebellion, and that, in some places, the Sepoys had risen against their white officers. He had that day been married, after years of delay and opposition, to the girl he loved with all the strength of a reticent nature, and his thoughts were with her alone.

After a while they began to talk of little inconsequent things.

Captain Hardacre drew his wife closer to his side.

"For better, for worse," he said gravely, "but please God only the better for you, Helena."

She smiled gladly, but made no reply.

Hand tightened on hand, and silence crept up to them again, enfolded them. Not a breath disturbed the mass of moon-illumined foliage; creatures of earth and air seemed alike bound fast in silence. To the bridal pair time was not, neither humanity.

Then suddenly into that primal, mystic silence burst a hoarse roar, the cry of men whose humanity lay very far behind, the shout of fanatics mad with the lust of blood, and that racial hatred which no man's hand may tame.

II.

The Second Silence.

The wife looked questioningly at her husband. She was strange to India and Indian ways. She had only landed that morning. It did not occur to her to be frightened till she caught sight of his face, white to the lips, and the expression in his eyes.

Hardacre rose to his feet, gently forcing her into the bungalow, arming himself hurriedly the while.

"The Sepoys," he said curtly, horrible tales of their treatment of white women beating in his brain. "You must hide yourself till . . . they go."

"And you?" she asked quietly.

He laughed. "Oh I . . . ? I must shoot down a few of the beggers as a lesson to the rest."

"Jim! There are hundreds!"

"Nonsense, child! Besides, the servants will stand by me." He hoped she had not seen them rush to welcome the intruders, all save one man, who stood dogged and alone before the verandah, as if he would guard his white master against a hundred men of his own race.

Hardacre's hand tightened on his revolver.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The servants would tell of the white woman; it would not be possible to hide Helena.

"Dear," he said quickly, "it is not safe for you to remain. You must steal out at the back with Gunga and get to the Canes' bungalow as fast as you can, and stay there till I join you. Cane has been prepared for this; he will send troops. You can trust Gunga to the death. He will be armed. Whatever happens you will be safe from those devils. Be quick my darling,——"

"You will come, too?"

He shook his head.

"That would be to draw the lot of them after us into the open. I will keep them at bay, while you——"

She drew herself up.

"Are you asking me to leave you already, Jim?"

She smiled rather piteously.

"It's the worse instead of the better, that's all, but we share it together. I understand. You will save a bullet . . . ?"

He made no reply.

There was a shrill sound, and Gunga set out on a longer journey than his master had planned, his body half-in, half-out of the verandah. Hardacre sprang forward, a revolver in each hand, and fired into the faces of the yelling horde pouring into the compound.

The bride, her face calm, though colourless as her dress, stood erect by her husband's side. He gave her a look of agony as the places of those fallen were filled again and again by others. To him it seemed a day—a year—an eternity while he sought to keep them at bay. It might have been ten minutes.

Then they swept onwards with a rush, forty or fifty of them, and there were but few charges left, though Helena loaded the revolvers in turn time after time. As she handed the last charge she smiled into her husband's bloodshot eyes.

"Remember, and . . . good-bye, my dear! my dear!" she said.

There came a cry of triumph behind them. Some of the Sepoys had slipped round to the back and taken them in the rear. They stood surrounded by close-pressed faces glaring into theirs. A dozen sprang forward exultingly, and laid hands on the white woman. The rest flung themselves upon Hardacre.

With a face no longer human, he turned towards his wife. Their eyes held together for an instant of farewell; then he fired.

With a choked groan the girl dropped to her knees, and reeling over, lay on the ground shot through the heart, a bright thin stream staining the dazzling purity of her bridal robes.

And then, just then, even as Jim Hardacre held the smoking revolver in his hand, and the Sepoys stood motionless for that one moment of surprise, thundering over the turf came the sound of horses' feet, breaking the silence a ringing British cheer, and, charging as one man, rode a troop of British cavalry.

III.

The Third Silence.

Back into the silence, even as they had come, as swiftly and as stealthily, melted the brown horde.

Hardacre remained looking at his revolver with a puzzled smile.

The men who had been too late by just three seconds drew round the verandah without speaking, their eyes fastened on the motionless bride. They looked at each other and paled, but none ventured to speak. Afar off came a shrill cry as a Sepoy met with death, for while half remained to guard the attacked bungalow, the other half of the troop cut down the flying natives.

In the fall the bride's slipper had come unfastened, and lay a little distance off, looking oddly out of place with its high French heel, and elaborate design. Hardacre dropped his revolver, and knelt by the fleecy drapery stained red. He took the slim arched foot into his hand, striving with clumsy fingers to replace the shoe, but the foot lay unyielding in his grasp, and his efforts were vain. He looked puzzled for a moment; then he rose to his feet, and stared at the line of faces beneath him.

A comrade came forward, opening his lips to speak, but before he could frame words, Hardacre had waved him back. He was shaking all over in a curious fashion.

Suddenly he flung up his head, and into the third silence came a shrill burst of laughter. He swayed to and fro in drunken ghastly merriment; the moonlight revealed his face no longer human, and flickered about the light of madness in his eyes.

Some of those standing there had seen strange and terrible things, had heard the scream of men dying in agony and despair, and later—at Lucknow—were to know Hell face to face, but they shuddered and wept and reeled from broken lines, as their comrade's wild mad laughter swept into the stillness of that Indian night.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Then they swept onwards with a rush, forty or fifty of them, and there were but few charges left, though Helena loaded the revolvers in turn time after time.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CAP and BELLS

HELPFUL INFORMATION.

THE CHAPERON: "Young man, you have your arm around that young lady's waist."

THE YOUNG MAN: "Thanks! I've been trying to find the spot all the evening but with these new gowns a fellow hardly knows where he's at."

* * * * *

LINE ENGAGED!

VICAR (who has just installed a telephone in his house): "We will now sing hymn number two six three Central!"

* * * * *

BURGLARS, BEWARE.

He found his own front gate with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the keyhole by instinct. Once in the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash.

"Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above.

"It's all right, Mary, but I'll—I'll learn those goldfish to snap at me!"

NOT EFFECTIVE.

COUNTRYMAN: "You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow and it 'asn't done it."

HAIRDRESSER: "That's very strange. I can't understand it."

COUNTRYMAN: "Well, look 'ere, I don't mind drinkin' another bottle, but this must be the last."

* * * * *

THOUGHTS UPON SEEING TOM, BOWLING.

(With apologies to Dibdin.)

I.

There, a queer bulk, pants poor Tom, bowling,
The darling of our team;
Once more he hears the batsman growling—
The other men blaspheme.
His form is of the portliest beauty,
He's in fine form, and oft,
Faithful to us, Tom's done his duty,
And now—he's hit the wicket.

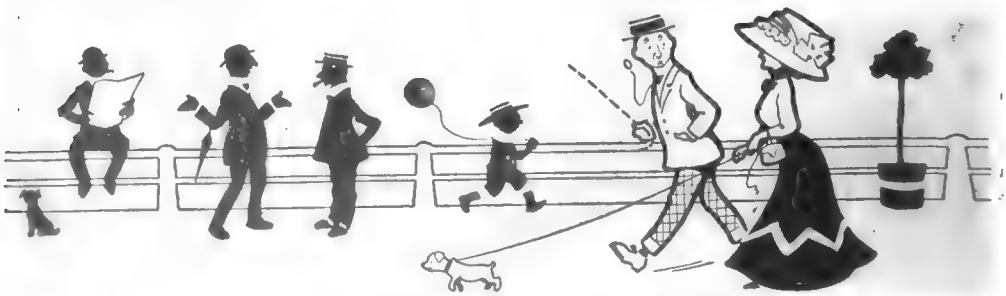
II.

The balls by Tom are quickly parted,
His virtues are so rare!
His foes to Tom were tender-hearted,
But now let them beware;
For though they sang so blythe and jolly
Full many a time and oft,
Their mirth turns now to melancholy,
Since Tom—has done the hat trick.

III.

Yet shall poor Tom find cooler weather
When he who rules those chumps
Shall give, to call his team together,
The word to draw the stumps
For Tom, who thus his men dispatches,
In vain his sweater doff'd,
And tho' his body at the match is,
His soul—is at the bar.

B. P. Allnutt.



Cholly: "Am I walking too fast for you, Miss Wobbins?"
Miss Wobbins: "Oh, no! You may run if you like."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE RIGHT KIND OF INFORMATION.

A Chri-tian Scientist found a small boy sitting under an apple tree doubled up with pain.

"I ate some green apples," moaned the boy, "and oh, how I do ache."

"You don't ache," answered the C.S., "you only think so."

"That's all right," said the boy; "you may think so, but I've got inside information."

* * * * *

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

A couple of "nuts" were talking about girls.

"Did you ever take a girl out to lunch when she felt a little faint?" asked one.

"Er—no," admitted the other reluctantly.

"Well, take my advice and don't. I took one into a restaurant. At first she declined to eat anything; said she didn't feel very hungry, and ordered oysters, soup, lobster, cutlets, sweetbreads and peas, chicken, shrimp salad, vanilla ice, macaroons, coffee, and *crême de menthe*. It cost me a sovereign."

"Well, you ought to be glad," said the sympathiser.

"Glad. What for?"

"Why, glad she wasn't hungry."

* *

A WARM REMINDER.

LADY: "You believe in mustard plasters, doctor?"

DOCTOR: "Rather; I always order them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with 'em."

* * * * *

RECITERS PLEASE NOTE.

The elocution teacher was instructing a scholar who had insisted upon learning a long and rather prosy piece.

"When you have finished the recitation," said the teacher, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

"On tiptoe?" asked the scholar.

"Yes," answered the teacher, "so as not to wake the audience."

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

AN UNGRATEFUL ANIMAL.

Jones met his neighbour, Smith.

"You were shooting this morning?" asked Smith.

"Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered Jones.

"Was he mad?" asked Smith.

"Well," said Jones, "he didn't seem any too well pleased."

* * * * *

MOST UNFORTUNATE.

In Paris when a street car is full they put up a sign, "Complet" (Full), and afterwards they won't let anybody else get in. Jayhawker had just returned home from the Gay City, and a friend asked:

"Did you see a good deal in Paris, my boy?"

"Yes," said he. "I saw every place but one, and that was Complet. Every time I tried to get out to Complet the 'buses were full."

* *

SAVED BY POST.

He had long hair and a pensive look. He wrote a poem entitled "Why do I Live?" He signed it "Augustus," and sent it to a magazine. The editor wrote him as follows:

"My dear Augustus,—The reason why you live is because you sent the poem by post instead of bringing it personally."

* *

THE SEASIDE SLUMBER.

"Don't move, father, we've not half finished yet."

"KNEELESS."

BOB: "Did you go on your knees when you proposed?"

JACK: "No; the girl I proposed to was using them!"

* * * * *

A TOUGH PROPOSITION.

THE TRAVELLER: "Can I get a steak and catch the one o'clock train?"

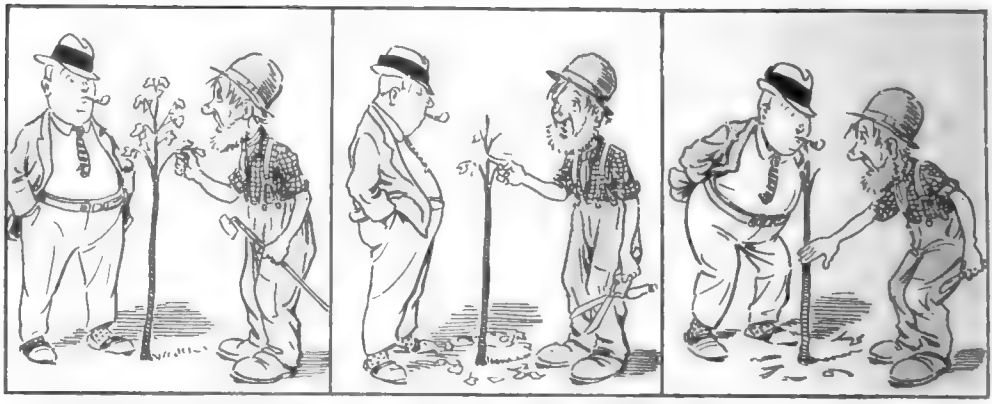
THE WAITER: "All depends on your teeth, sir."

* * * * *

A SAFE SPOT.

MAMMA FLY: "Remember, children, when you're tired of playing you may rest on that human baby's head. That's a sanctuary, and they don't dare hit you with a fly-killer there."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



1. "It's the blight. I should clip the ends off." *2. "There's some insect in it; it wants cuttin' back."* *3. "If I was you I should take it off, say, about here, and give it a chance to shoot."*

NOT TO BE HURRIED.

BLACK: "Now that your son has graduated, has he decided where he is going to work?"

RED: "Where? He hasn't even decided when."

* * * * *

NOT AT HOME TO VISITORS.

VISITOR: "Is your husband in, Mrs. O'Brien?"

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Yes, sor!"

VISITOR: "I'd like to see him?"

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Ye can't, sor; he's in for t'ree months."

* * * * *

SOME TO SPARE.

Tommy, having disposed of three helpings of sausage and pancake, sat mournfully regarding his empty plate. Observing his pensive expression, Aunt Sarah asked kindly:

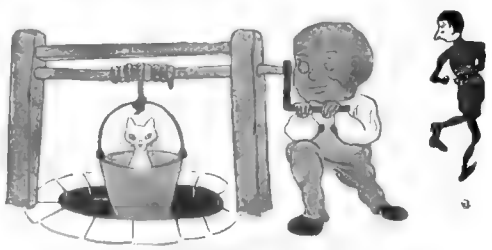
"Tommy, won't you have some more pancakes?"

"No, aunt!" the poor lad replied with feeling emphasis, "I don't want those I've got now."

* * *

VERY SHADY.

FOREIGNER (on being asked his age as well as his wife's): "I am dirty and my wife is dirty-two."



1. John Stout rescuing the Puss Cat cast into the well by T. Green.

FAMOUS SCENES FROM HISTORY.

POETS TAKE NOTE.

MR. JONES: "He got rich in six months writing poetry!"

MISS BROWN: "Ind ed?"

MR. JONES: "Yes; wrote love sonnets to a rich widow!"

* * * * *

NOTHING NEW AFTER ALL.

"Dad, what's a feebly?"

"There isn't such a thing, Edward."

"Yes, there is. It says in this book that the young man had a feebly growing down on his cheek."

* * * * *

WORTH KNOWING.

GENTLEMAN: "What do you learn at school, my lad?"

BOY: "All sorts of things, sir."

GENTLEMAN: "Well, then, tell me where matches are made."

BOY: "'Eaven and Sweden, sir."

* * *

RATHER UNKIND.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (who has just read his latest story to his wife): "There! That's the best thing I ever did."

HIS WIFE: "Yes, dear. What magazine shall you send it to first?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

SEA-SIDE STANZAS.

By a Bard at Broadstairs.

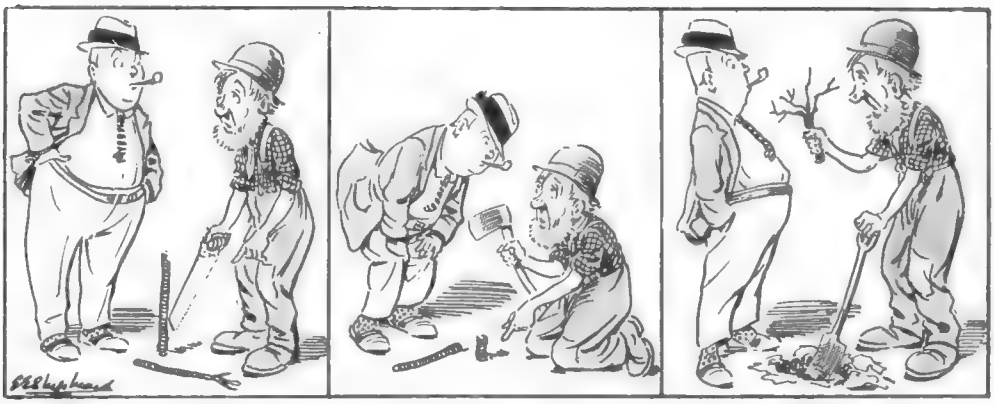
I lie on the sea-worn shingles
And gaze o'er the waters wide—
And the twang of an organ mingles
With the murmuring of the tide.

And I watch the distant dippers
Who bathe now they're out of town,
While Beauty in jute-soled slippers
Goes by with her backhair down.

The nurses sit on the benches
While the children—a happy band—
Are digging their forts and trenches
And filling their shoes with sand.

Then why do I grieve intensely
As I wander beside the foam?
Oh! I'd like a pipe immensely,
But I've left the baccy at home!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



4. "If you ask me, I should cut it off about two inches from the ground and make more of a shrub of it."

5. "I shouldn't be surprised but what there's some grub at the roots."

6. "It's healthy enough, but what it wanted was water."

A CHEAP LAWN MOWER.

DEAR OLD LADY (to tramp lying on the lawn): 'My good man, what on earth are you doing on my lawn?"

CRAFTY OLD BEGGAR: "Bless yer, kind lady, I'm that 'ungry I got to eat grass."

DEAR OLD LADY: "If you go round to the back you'll find the grass grows much longer and thicker there."

* * * * *

SORRY SHE SPOKE.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad:

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

* * *

A NEW VERSION.

KINDLY HOSTESS (to nervous reciter who has broken down in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"): "Never mind, Mr. Smith, just tell us it in your own words."

* * *

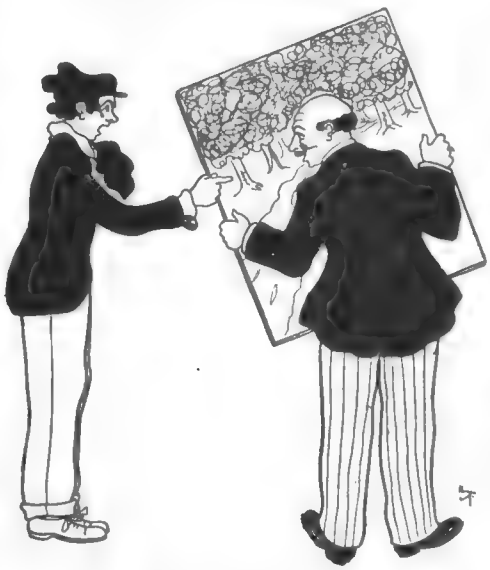
A VACANCY FILLED.

"How did they happen to meet?"

"He ran over that poodle of which she was so fond."

"Did he replace it?"

"Looks like it. He and she are now engaged."



DEALER: "I'll give you five shillings for it."
GENIUS: "But the canvas cost seven shillings and sixpence"
DEALER: "Oh, but you must remember it was clean then."

"THE NOVELTY OF AGE."

It passed along the street this morn;
The very children turned to gaze
In silent wonderment and scorn,
Upon this sight of other days.

It passed along—its only note
Of warning was the gentle "blab"
Of tinkling bell and horse's foot—
An antiquated "hansom" cab.

"Civis Mundi."

* * * * *

THE POWER OF WATER.

TOWNLEY (visiting suburban friend): "Who was that man to whom you just took off your hat?"

SUBBUBS: "Him? He's the engineer of our village waterworks, you know. He has a great idea of himself, and if we don't act with proper humility in his presence he shuts off the pressure, and we can't wash, much less sprinkle our lawns."

* * *

HEE HAW!

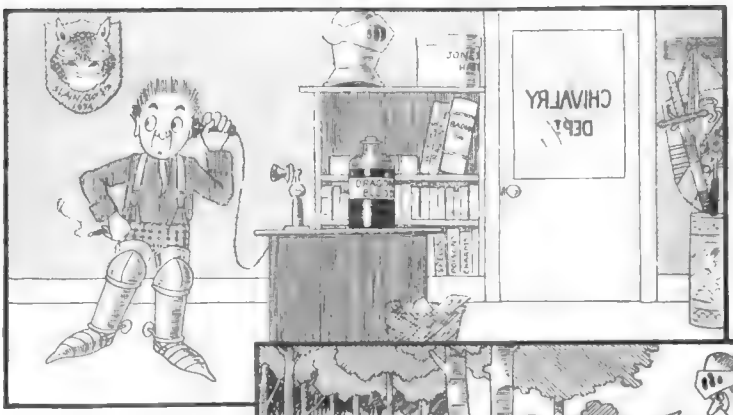
A Parliamentary candidate was being heckled, and, though an amiable man as a rule, he was provoked to the suggestion that the conduct of one man in the meeting at least was asinine.

"If I am an ass," shouted the interjector, "there are two of us here! Ha, ha!"

"I noticed you," said the candidate quietly. "I've heard you bray; but I don't see your friend!"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

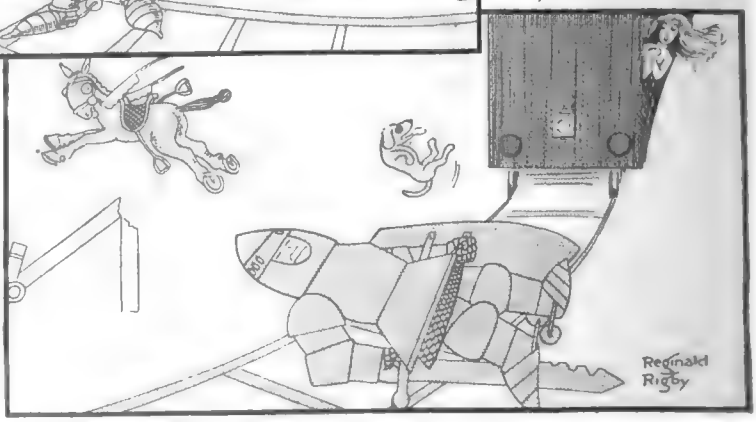
SIR PERCY AND ANNE DROMEDA.



I.
Sir Percy, the deadliest knight on the staff, was on duty at the Chivalry Dep't., Harridge's Stores, when the complaint came that Miss Anne Dromeda had been abducted by the subterranean dragon.

II.
Sir Percy got himself to horse and spurred amain to the Dragon's lair.

III.
Arrived, he hitched his courser to a signal, and stepping on to the track of the dragon (avoiding the live rail), awaited its onslaught.



IV.
But, alas! the Dragon was non-stopping at Dover Street, and passed over Sir Percy, flattening him out. Miss Anne Dromeda saw the painful sight from the Dragon's end carriage window—quite against the rules.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

GOBLIN'S FATHER.

"I want to marry a man, I do,
I do!" ("She does!" "She do!")
Song.

By Adam Stern.

I.

The letter came by the second delivery of the post, and Goblin took it out with her when she went to find her father. Usually he preceded her by about half-an-hour, so that he might have his plunge and be able to report the temperature of the sea by the time she joined him.

Goblin was not her real name. It had once been Elf, and before that Elfrida. You mark the connection? Elfrida—Elf—Goblin! And if goblins are even half as ugly as they are reputed to be, no girl was ever so misnamed as Miss Elfrida Tredegar.

She made her way to the beach through the clean, white streets of the town. With a hand to her hat, her skirt fluttering, her graceful young body bending to the breeze, she made a joyous sight, the flush of health lighting her cheeks, the glow of youth and laughter in her eyes.

She espied her father against their bathing-tent, with a crowd of noisy children round about him, busy with their sand-castles or enthusiastically paddling. He was, indeed, hard to overlook, for, in addition to being fat, he wore a salmon-coloured bathing-suit, and the rest of his costume consisted of a panama and a cigar. He stood out like a blob of saffron on the white, blue, and gold of the scene.

He was reclining on his back when she first caught sight of him, his knees arched, and reading the morning paper from that upside-down position. But he partially rolled over when she sat down beside him.

"Well, little feller?" she said. "How are you enjoying yourself this morning?"

He pulled her nearer to him so as to be able to whisper it:

"Let everything be breathed. The City doesn't exist. There's no such place as a stuffy office. The man who talks about work should be lodged in the nearest lunatic asylum. Get in there," he commanded, pointing to the sea.

"I'm going to in a minute. But listen, dad. I've had a letter."

"So I see, and, from your nervous clutch on it, I should imagine it's something exciting."

"Perhaps it is—and perhaps it isn't."

She spread out the many sheets on her knee, and immediately became so absorbed in them that her father furtively relaxed himself into a horizontal position again.

"Wake up!" she said, prodding him. "It's from Eva Castleton."

"You really don't say so! And who's Eva Castleton?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. Eva's one of my best friends—a girl who used to travel up with me in the same train before mother died."

This referred to the days when Goblin went to business in the City, before she took up the management of her father's home. There were no sisters and brothers of Goblin; just Goblin and her father there were, and each would have told you that that sufficed.

"And *she* says," continued Goblin——"No, I don't think I'll tell you what she says, after all!"

"I shouldn't," said her father, indolently courting sleep.

"Don't be an aggravating person! There's nothing *really* of great importance in it, only that her brother Jack, who went out to America ever so many years ago, has come home for a holiday, and is thinking of running down to Seabrighton for a few days."

"Ho, ho! That's it!" said her father, sitting up. He fixed her with a ferocious

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

eye. "And what, might I ask, is the precise degree of intimacy between you and this Jack?"

"Don't be an old idiot! Why, I was only a perfect kiddie when he went away."

"What did he go to America for?"

"To learn cinema work, I believe. He thought there was a much greater scope over there than here, and, if what Eva says is to be trusted, he's proved it."

"Got on, has he?"

"He's one of the best-known film actors in the United States of America!"

"Phew! Mop my brow, will you? I always predicted my little Goblin would marry a celebrity, and now, it seems, she's well in the way of it."

"You've got such a disordered imagination you ought to see a doctor. Why, I've only written to him once or twice, and he's probably changed terribly in the last few years—as I have."

"When does this paragon come down?"

"To-day, I think—yes, to-day." She looked down at the letter self-consciously.

"Your affectation of unconcern is very inartistically done. My scarlet Goblin, your cheeks betray you."

"So would you blush, if you had a father who dressed in salmon-pink in public—and not enough of that. Yes, he *is* coming to-day—at a quarter-past two—and you can make up your mind to play by yourself this afternoon, because I'm going to meet him myself, and I don't want *you!*"

"Too emphatic, my dear Goblin—much too emphatic. Do you suppose I should let my siesta be disturbed by an insignificant young man from America, act he never so movingly? Go, and good riddance to you!"

Nevertheless, at the bottom of his heart he wished the young man in Jericho.

II.

The young man duly came, and proved himself the possessor of noticeably blue eyes, an American suit, tanned cheeks, and a confident air. From the very first he laid himself out to win Mr. Tredegar's good opinion, and for a time, at least, Goblin appeared to be a secondary consideration.

Mr. Tredegar, who had gained much insight into human nature across the mahogany counter of a bank in the City, was hardly likely to be deceived by a simple ruse of this sort. Clearly the young man wanted to ingratiate himself with the "stern parent," so that the road might be cleared for his paying his addresses to the daughter.

One disconcerting element of the affair, however, was that Goblin did not seem to resent these advances; indeed, in her subtler feminine way, it might have been said that she indirectly encouraged them.

As time went on, Mr. Tredegar found himself being pushed farther and farther into the background. He was reduced to taking quite an unhealthy amount of slumber on the beach, to picking up chance acquaintances, to listening to the band, and to watching the dull pierrots. It is not to be wondered at that he developed a hearty commiseration for himself

Nevertheless, he bore it all uncomplainingly. He was truly an heroic and unselfish figure in those days. As he often told himself, "So long as the young people are enjoying themselves, what does anything else matter?" Later he would add gloomily: "I have had *my* day."

But, as his noble self-effacement continued to pass unappreciated and apparently unnoticed, the natural spirit of the man revolted against such manifest injustice.

He said to his daughter one day at the breakfast-table, in tones of quite successful badinage:

"It isn't much of your company your poor old dad gets nowadays."

"Why, dad," said Goblin, "I thought you loved loafing about. And Jack is just the opposite. He's got so used to hustling that I can hardly get him to rest a minute anywhere. He wants to explore every square yard in the neighbourhood, so as to be able to boast about it afterwards, I suppose."

"And meanwhile," said Goblin's father, "the artful young rascal gets you entirely to himself."

Goblin left her chair, and went over and sat on the arm of his, tickling with a ruminative finger his incipient bald patch.

"I know I'm a bit of a mean pig," she confessed. "But Jack isn't here for always. . . "

"And your rusty old dad you can have at any time!"

"Well, isn't that the truth? And aren't you the dearest, duckiest old dad that ever a girl was blessed with? No one will ever quite take your place, so don't you begin to expect it."

He was somewhat mollified by this.

"Funny thing," he was able to remark conversationally, "I don't remember to have heard of this chap of yours before. And we go to picture palaces a good deal. I wonder

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

if he's quite so well known as he makes himself out to be?"

"You hardly *would* have heard of him," she responded sweetly, "because he acts under another name. He's Derek Ducat."

(Well, who has not heard of Derek Ducat?)

"And, upon my word," said her father, turning round; "you really don't say so? Well, he's precious modest about it! I know if I were Derek Ducat I should never let an opportunity pass of letting people know it!"

"Jack isn't conceited," said Goblin. "It's one of his *good* points. I often used to wonder why his face should seem so familiar on the films," she continued reminiscently—"and now I know."

The stroking of the bald patch went on.

"He's just a nice boy," she ended, "and I'm very fond of him."

Something went down and down, almost to Mr. Tredegar's boots.

"When is it to be?" he asked, with a good assumption of lightness.

"When's what to be?"

"The marriage. The happy uniting of the well-matched pair."

"Gracious goodness! Give me a chance! Wait till he's asked me."

"But if he should ask you?"

Goblin's father, turning in his chair, allowed his arm to slide up till it rested on his daughter's shoulder.

"If he should ask you?" he said, quite simply and seriously. "Supposing he wanted to marry you—to take you right away with him to America—away from me? What should you say?"

Goblin's eyes fixed themselves on the tablecloth. She was not one who easily gave way to tears, but something in her very stillness struck her father with a sense of the pathetic.

"I don't know," she said, with a trace of forlornness. "I don't know."

Her father hugged her to him, and patted her hand caressingly.

"I'll tell you what you would say," he added cheerfully. "Providing he's the right sort—*you* know, the sort you feel you could trust yourself with anywhere, you'd of course say 'yes.' And I—I should be perfectly all right."

III.

As it had been anticipated, so the event turned out. The very night before their holiday came to an end, Goblin went early to bed, obviously with the intention of leaving Jack to face the ordeal alone.

Goblin's father knew what was coming by the uneasy way in which the young man puffed his cigar.

But the interview was short. A bright and unexpected silver lining to the cloud of impending separation was the announcement by Jack that he was not necessarily resolved upon going back to live in America. If suitable and remunerative employment could be found for him at home he would be perfectly willing to settle down in England.

Goblin's father could have embraced him for the decision; instead, he filled his glass.

"What particular kind of employment do you really want?" he asked.

"Well, it will have to be something in the flicker-film line of business, for that's the only line I know anything about."

"That will be easy, I should say. A man with a reputation like yours should have no difficulty in fixing himself up handsomely."

Jack shook his head. "You'd be surprised, Mr. Tredegar," he said, "at the amount of prejudice there is against American film-actors over here. They won't take you on by what you've done; they judge you by your face value."

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd be afraid of that."

"Perhaps not," said Jack with a smile, "but it doesn't make the situation any easier, does it? I'm not very keen on starting at the bottom again. What I am handicapped by is having no capital. With the usual improvidence of the artistic chap—does that sound conceited?—I spend all my salary as soon as I get it." He hesitated for a moment. "Would you believe me," he said, "I'm down on my last tenner till I get a remittance from abroad."

"You needn't worry about that," replied Goblin's father promptly.

"That's very good of you, Mr. Tredegar. Well, to hark back to what I was saying, if I had the necessary capital I should launch out in the Special Option line of business. I don't know if you know what that is. It's the science of securing first option on the big films from the other side, which, in the opinion of the man with judgment, are going to make a hit with the public here."

He went on to amplify the details with a rapid fluency, a grasp of his subject, which Mr. Tredegar could not help but admire. He was not a man easily won over by flowery optimism, but he was disposed at the moment to accept without criticism all that the young man told him, so as not to discourage him in the subject in which he was so ardently interested.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"About how much capital do you think would be required to start a business like that?"

"So small an amount that you'll be inclined to scoff at it. Say twelve fifty dollars at the outside—two-fifty pounds. But you must understand there's no call at the outset to plank down money for purchase. You simply secure your option, hire out the film to as many of the firms as show an interest in it, and draw a commission on each transaction."

"Hum!" said Goblin's father, studying the end of his cigar. "But you have to pay something for the option, I suppose? And if the film doesn't fizz you lose your money."

"I see you take me. That's where the expert's skill comes in—the element of the personal, which nothing can ever eliminate from success. Personality, Mr. Tredegar, is the keystone of all big things."

"Just so," agreed Mr. Tredegar, who was not prone to easy maxims. "Well, I'll think the matter over, and if I can help you, my boy, you may be sure I will."

He paused for a moment with the impulse on his tongue to say that the chief essential was not success, but that Jack should be kind to his daughter. But, after all, what was the good of preaching? If a man's instincts weren't right, nothing would ever alter him.

"I'll think the matter over," he said again, giving the young man's hand a warm clasp. "Good-night, my boy. And good luck."

IV.

Into the numerous discussions which finally resulted in Jack setting up in business on Mr. Tredegar's money it would be unprofitable to enter. He did so, and the success of the venture from the start was a glowing tribute to his personality.

The multitude of his important engagements, however, did not preclude him from paying much attention to Goblin. The pleasures which London, the opulent, holds out to those who have the time and the money to enjoy them, were fully taken advantage of by our young couple.

Mr. Tredegar, overlooked at Seabrighton, was now in real danger of having the evening of his days spoiled, streaked, and made utterly abominable by the pangs of indigestion, due to the management of the house at this time devolving mainly on an incompetent domestic—an execrable cook. And hovering about in the air was the sinister talk of an early marriage.

Goblin, if she had been consulted at this point, would frankly have confessed that she would like things to go on as they were. It was a pleasant thing to be engaged, with a flashing half-hoop of diamonds on her left hand, and to be envied by her girl friends, and to pretend not to like that envy whenever it was candidly admitted. But the male is an insistent animal, and finally Goblin was brought to the point when she promised to consult her father as to when—if ever—he would be able to spare her.

She went up to break the news to him with an inward reluctance that surprised and daunted her. Now that it had come to the test she realised that her love for her father was no mere habit, but was so bound up with the fibres of her being that it would be equal to uprooting her to bring about a separation. She could not understand this if she loved Jack as much as she thought she did.

She was white-faced and troubled-looking when she went into his study, but nothing like so troubled-looking as, all unexpectedly, he appeared to her to be. He crushed up in his hand the American paper he had been reading—he had lately taken quite an interest in things American—and looked at her intently with an expression which startled her.

"What's the matter, dad?" she said, alarmed.

"Nothing. What have you come to see me about?"

"Dad, I—I——"

She could not go on. For the first time for many a day she broke down and hid her face against his knee.

"There! there! little lass," he said, comforting her, "what's the trouble. Tell your old dad."

"Jack—" she sobbed, "Jack—wants me—to marry him!"

She might have been confessing the most lamentable news in the world.

"And don't you want to?"

"I—don't know. No, I don't—think so."

"Well, by gad!" said Mr. Tredegar, suddenly bringing down his fist with violence on his knee, "you never shall!"

Goblin looked up.

"Why not?" she said, instantly defensive.

"Send Jack up here to me," said Mr. Tredegar grimly, "and I'll tell him why. I suppose he's downstairs. Send him up here to me?"

He was breathing audibly through his nostrils as Goblin, greatly wondering, went to give Jack the message.

["GOBLIN'S FATHER" continued overleaf.]

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Jack came up after a few moments, and, in spite of his debonair carriage, there was uneasiness in his eye.

"Yes, sir?" he said diffidently.

"Sit down," said Goblin's father, pointing to a chair. Goblin was hovering about the doorway, but he waved her peremptorily away.

"If it's anything to do with Jack—something that concerns him particularly, I've a right to hear it," she said steadily.

"Jack won't thank you for listening. Nor shall I. Go away."

The door was closed gently.

Goblin's father wasted no words, but picking up the American paper which he had dropped on the floor, he passed it over to Jack, smacking a certain place with his fingers.

"Explain to me what that means," he commanded.

"That" referred to a paragraph in the paper to the effect that the celebrated film-actor, Mr. Derek Ducat, had hired himself out to an English film-producing company, for an extended period, at a salary of five hundred dollars a week. He would leave for England by the next boat.

Jack was quite silent for a few moments.

"You mustn't believe everything you read," he said coolly.

"I don't. But there's another article in that paper, reporting an interview with Derek Ducat before he sailed—and it's dated hardly a week ago! How do you account for that?"

He leant forward with the air of a cross-examining counsel, and he saw beads of sweat break out on the young man's brow and that he had to moisten his lips before he could venture to reply.

"That floors me," said the young man cynically. "It would take some explaining away, wouldn't it? The obvious reply is: I'm not Derek Ducat at all!"

"You're *not?*"

"I'm not."

"Then who the blazes are you?"

"Ask me another. I've got so mixed up with my identities that I hardly know sometimes who I am."

"Aren't you Jack Castleton?"

"Oh, no; I'm not Jack Castleton."

Mr. Tredegar's fists worked, and there were expressions on his face which boded no good for the young man before him.

"I'd better help you out with a little explanation. I used to know Jack Castleton—he was a pal of mine—and we're as like each other as two peas. He *is* the real Derek Ducat, by the way. I knew as much about him as there was to know—I knew that he hadn't been home for a long time and had practically lost touch—and the thought came to me that I might as well come over and have a good time here in his name—and give his old people a treat. It was ridiculously easy, after his being away so long, and tolerably good practice for a man with histrionic instincts."

"You're a callous scoundrel, sir," broke in Mr. Tredegar, through his teeth.

"I may be. But let me put this much right with you, anyway. I've played it pretty low-down on your daughter—I won't deny it—but I hardly think I should have gone through the ceremony without telling her the truth. She's too good for that—and a man like me, even if you don't believe it, has scruples sometimes."

"Meanwhile," Goblin's father half groaned, "you've made her fall in love with a rotter, and goodness only knows whether she's got the common sense and strength of mind to give you the kick-out you deserve."

The young man stood up.

"She shan't have the chance," he said. "I'll go without seeing her."

At that moment there came a loud rat-tat on the street door downstairs. The two men looked questioningly at each other, aware of the fact, perhaps, that the fates were busy and anything might happen.

They heard Goblin going to answer the door. They heard a voice—a man's voice.

At the sound, the impostor with Mr. Tredegar became in an instant acutely uneasy and unhappy. He eyed the window and seemed to contemplate an exit that way.

Goblin's voice came up the stairs, sharp with urgency and almost terror-stricken.

"Dad! Dad!"

He left the room with the violence of a thunderbolt.

The man remaining behind eyed his wet hands and muttered maledictions under his breath.

Downstairs a stranger stood in the hall, tall, overcoated, with blue eyes and an unmistakable air of manliness. He was smiling and looked confident.

"Dad," said Goblin piteously, "there's one Jack upstairs and another one here. What does it mean?"

She felt for her father as it were blindly, and he put his arm round her and held her tight.

"If you'll allow me a few minutes I think

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

I shall be able to put everything right." The newcomer seemed to be the sort of young man who was adapted by nature for putting things right. "Is that double of mine here?"

His double, so strikingly like him, and yet so curiously unlike, now that they stood at close quarters, was slowly descending the stairs.

"Hum!" said the real Jack thoughtfully, "what am I going to do to you?"

"Cut it short," said the other uncomfortably. "You hold all the cards."

"This precious counterfeit of an unworthy original," explained the newcomer, "has been amusing himself in recent years by palming himself off as me whenever any profit offered, and relying on my good-nature not to expose him. This time, however, he has overstepped the mark, and trodden on ground which I hold as sacred. Mr. Tredegar, I ask for your permission to send for the police."

"No! no!" cried Goblin, turning round passionately. "I couldn't bear that!"

She faced, with eyes ablaze with indignation, the man who had been deceiving her.

"Is all this true?" she said in a low voice.

He hung his head.

"Quite true," he said. "I'm very sorry."

"Oh! and I've let you kiss me! Ugh!"

She scrubbed her lips with the back of her hand. Then suddenly, with a little moan, she turned to her father and hid her face against his shoulder.

"Hadn't you better go?" said the real Jack gently—a gentleness in curious contrast to his rapid approach.

"I think I had," said the other with dramatic celerity. He caught up his hat and stick and quitted their lives without another word.

Goblin continued to cling convulsively to her father.

"This is really horrible," said Jack, after watching her in a plaintive interval. "Goblin, dear, don't carry on like that. You don't mind my calling her 'dear,' do you?"—this to Mr. Tredegar—"we were awfully fond of each other as kids, and I expect we're going to be even fonder of each other now. Goblin, dear—," he touched her shoulder and made her turn round; "haven't you got a smile for an old friend?"

She managed to smile at him through dewy lashes.

Jack was evidently not a bashful young man, for the next moment he was saying to her: "I should ask you to kiss me, if your father weren't here."

"You may as well," grumbled that discomfited gentleman, turning away.

He tramped up to his study with a feeling of being "done" again!

TAKING THE PLUNGE.

When Nancy takes her early morning dip,
Clad trimly in a bathing-suit of red,
A jaunty cap of poppy-coloured silk
Set coyly on her pretty golden head,
I gaze entranced as, poised upon a rock,
She takes the plunge—although, without exception,
She meets amid the blue and dancing waves
A cool reception.

When, later, on the beach she dries her hair,
Barefooted, in her frock of palest blue,
And laughs at all my choicest compliments,
Hails all my pleading speeches with a moue,
I wonder, when at no far distant date,
I take the plunge and break down all deception,
If I shall meet at her relentless hands
A cool reception.

Rosemary North.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE BEACH PRINCESS.

"We played at love in Mulga town
And, oh! her eyes were blue."

By Dorothy Rose.

I.

They met at the entrance of the cave - the tall man with the rugged features and compelling eyes and the auburn-haired girl with the slim, almost boyish, figure and air of cool assurance. The towels tucked under their respective arms showed their intentions. It was a golden August morning; the sea beckoned invitingly and Penmorro knew not bathing machines.

Miles Dorling was not used to being baulked, but he yielded resignedly to the assured young person in hyacinth blue linen. The tilt of her dimpled chin suggested resentment that a private ocean had not been reserved for her use, and goaded him into saying:

"Am I right in supposing this cave is public property and can be used by anyone?"

"The cave is used by me!" she returned with an imperiousness that led Miles to dub her "the Beach Princess"—"and a jolly spoilt one at that!" he added mentally.

Pamela adored the sea, and she had the rare gift of getting wet artistically. All her life she had obtained homage by the simple fact of being pretty, wherefore she regarded the big stranger's entry into the water with equanimity, and posed with extra care on a rock preparatory to diving. She came up spluttering, to find him swimming level with her.

"Done much diving?" he inquired casually, doing an easy side-stroke that made her own efforts appear like the churning of a propeller.

"Not very much," Pamela admitted between her gasps, her conversational powers impeded by the quantity of ocean she had swallowed.

"You can swim a bit, I see," he observed, eyeing her with kindly toleration.

Pamela glared. On the strength of having won a 100 yards race in the baths at school, she considered herself an expert swimmer. "I've swum ever since I was a child," she informed him loftily.

Miles chuckled softly.

He was still in the water when she climbed the steep path up the craggy cliffs and sauntered through the little fishing village with its quaint and tortuous street and smell of tar and fish. "The Haven," her father's seaside home, dominated the village, even as John Revel himself dominated in his own kindly fashion everyone with whom he came in contact, save only his motherless young daughter.

Her father was bubbling over with unusual excitement when she met him at lunch.

"Got a surprise for you, Pam," he said, tackling his lobster salad with the energy that had made him a power in the engineering world. "Met Miles Dorling this morning—man who painted 'Day-Dreams,' that picture you admired so in the Academy last June. I want him to paint your portrait—he's a very independent chap, though; gets such big prices he can afford to be idle when the fit takes him. Still, I think he'll consent. Anyway, he's coming to dinner this evening to discuss the matter."

"What is he like?"

"Oh, a big fellow, clean-shaven and tanned, wore a pair of disreputable flannel trousers and a blue blazer, and somehow managed to look distinguished in 'em," replied her father.

It did not surprise Pamela in the least when entering the white-panelled drawing-room that evening she found her acquaintance of the morning standing on the hearthrug deep in conversation with her father. He greeted her gravely, though a twinkle lurked momentarily in his eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Then he returned to his discussion, from which not even the sight of Pamela posed gracefully on an amber-covered settee served to woo him.

It was the same throughout dinner; he was courteous with a calm, detached courtesy, in which was no hint of admiration. He signed his death-warrant by electing to play billiards with his host after dinner rather than join her on the softly-lighted porch, with its inviting chairs and glorious view of the moonlit sea.

She did not see him again until he bade her good-night, and his last words put the finishing touch to her ire.

"Don't forget," he said, "10.30 to-morrow for the first sitting. And please don't be late—I never wait for anyone."

II.

Pamela was exactly seventeen minutes late, due partly to the fact that she had laboured long over her toilette, and partly to a desire to discover how her unpunctuality would effect this extraordinary man.

Arrived at the tiny, white-washed cottage, which looked ridiculously small to shelter such a massive piece of humanity as Miles Dorling, Pamela was received deferentially by his apple-cheeked landlady and directed through the garden, gay with hollyhocks, to the studio.

After about five minutes Dorling's non-appearance began to nettle her, and by the time his big figure blocked out the sunshine streaming in through the open door, she had convinced herself that he owed her an apology.

"You're late," he observed calmly, while Pamela's slight figure stiffened with resentment. "I'd given you up, but now you are here we may as well get to work. Have you brought your frock with you?"

"I don't understand you!" Pamela tilted her chin defiantly.

"You don't really imagine I could paint you in a fluffy frock and a Bond Street hat? Please go and put on something simple—a white cotton frock and some sensible shoes and stockings, though they'll have to come off. I want you to be barefoot."

For a moment Pamela's eyes met his in stupefied amazement; bitter words rushed to her lips, but before she could utter them he had picked up canvas and paint-box, raised his battered Panama, and with the final injunction to meet him on the beach, had swung off down the street.

Contending emotions warred in Pamela's breast as she went slowly homewards, but finally pride prevailed. Admiration was the breath of life to her and to have her picture in the Academy a long-cherished ambition. Half-an-hour saw her delightfully girlish in her white linen frock, submitting to be posed by Dorling, now full of artistic fervour and energy.

She was standing on a low rock, bare-footed, her slim white figure and red-gold hair thrown into relief against a background of beetling cliffs. Before her the blue sea shimmered to a pearly horizon, and at her feet silver-fringed waves caressed the yellow sands.

"I'm going to call it 'The Beach Princess,'" he told her as he began to paint with firm accurate strokes that told of the master hand.

"Why?"

"It's your kingdom, isn't it?" he queried, "though it is permitted for mortals like myself to venture here at your good pleasure," at which reference to her high-handed attitude of the day before, Pamela had the grace to blush.

Pamela speedily discovered that sitting for her portrait was no simple matter, for Dorling was an exacting and sometimes impatient taskmaster, though full of remorse when he realised that his artistic zeal had outrun the chivalry and consideration he owed to his model.

It was during one of the increasingly frequent adjournments for afternoon tea on the rocks that a cloud appeared on the horizon. Mr. Revel having been called to town on business, and the motor being out of repair, Pamela was finding time hang heavy on her hands. Consequently, when Dorling, propped blissfully against a rock with a brimming cup in one hand and a buttered split in the other, announced his intention of going out on the water the next night in quest of moonlight effects, Pamela begged him to let her accompany him.

"I've always wanted to be out on the sea by moonlight," she said, holding the teapot at a perilous angle, "and I know Lydia—she's my maid—will come with me to satisfy Mrs. Grundy. So there's nothing to prevent your taking me, is there?"

"I'm afraid there's just one thing—your father's consent," replied the man calmly.

"Dad wouldn't mind; he lets me do as I like," asserted Pamela, with the defiant tilt of her chin which so often portended trouble.

Dorling put down his cup and regarded her perched on the rock, her hands clasped round

["THE BEACH PRINCESS" continued overleaf.]

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

her knees, her ruddy hair framing a rebelliously eager face.

"I couldn't think of taking you," he declared firmly, meeting the challenge in her wide eyes without a tremor. "You are old enough to understand why."

"I understand perfectly," was the indignant rejoinder, as Pamela began to pack the tea-basket. "I should be in your way. I thought it was just possible you would have put up with me for a few hours, but I suppose it was too much to expect."

There was disappointment as well as anger in her tone and Dorling's rising resentment at her attitude waned. After all she was little more than a child and a spoilt one to boot. He attempted to change the subject.

"Come along, Miss Revel," he said, ignoring her outburst; "if you're feeling fresh again I should like to put in another hour. The light is perfect to-day," and picking up the basket in one hand he offered the other to help her down to the sands.

To his surprise she did not take it.

"You surely don't expect me to pose for you when you have just refused the only favour I ever asked you?" she exclaimed, and there were tears of hurt pride in her eyes. "I shall certainly not pose any more this afternoon," and she drew herself up and faced him with an air of outraged dignity that the artist found infinitely diverting.

"Just as you please," he answered with maddening indifference, and an almost imperceptible shrug.

For a moment Pamela stared in amazement at her inability to touch this man; she had hardly expected entreaties but she had assuredly not expected absolute indifference. It stung her into speech.

"Since the picture is of so little consequence to you, perhaps the sittings might as well be discontinued altogether," she observed with childish petulance.

"The matter rests with you," he replied calmly. "There is no lack of beauty around Penmorro. I shall doubtless find other models," and raising his hat, he strode slowly across the beach to his easel, leaving Pamela shaking with fury on the rocks.

III.

It had never occurred to Pamela that Miles would take her at her word, and when in a gracious and conciliatory mood she wended her way to the beach next morning, she was amazed at the scene which met her eyes. Miles was there, sketching rapidly, and puffing away at the antiquated black pipe he always affected in moments of strenuous labour, while in front of him the winsome blue-eyed daughter of his landlady posed prettily, if somewhat self-consciously, on a rock.

Miles glanced up, and his eyes twinkled at sight of the slim, white-clad figure. Pamela's small, proud head, with its crown of burnished hair, was poised defiantly; her eyes looked almost black beneath their long lashes.

"A princess without a kingdom," he said, removing his pipe, and regarding her with calm astonishment. "I understood the sittings were off."

"So they are!" Pamela looked as if she could cheerfully have wrung his neck. "I suppose I am at liberty to walk on the beach if I choose, though had I known that you had commandeered it I should not have dreamt of intruding," she finished with biting sarcasm.

"Oh, you're not in my way!" Miles resumed his work imperturbably, and, finding herself completely ignored, Pamela strolled off across the sunlit beach in the direction of the cliff path.

A little further on she stopped dead in the cobble-paved pathway, the light of revenge kindling in her eyes.

She was just by the cottage where Dorling lodged; there was no one about. Stealthily she stole down the garden, and entered the open door of the studio. There on the easel stood the nearly completed canvas; for a moment she gazed at it, and her face softened as she remembered the long hours of labour that had gone to make its perfection. Then her lips set firmly, and with a careless shrug of her shoulders, she swung out into the open air.

Dusk was falling, and the sun had set in an angry blaze of crimson and gold behind the darkening headland, when Pamela, with a white woollen coat over her cream serge dress and a woollen cap crowning her hair, made her way through the silent garden to Dorling's studio.

Half-an-hour earlier he had set out to sea in his dinghy—she had watched him from the cliff, and known that the coast was clear. The studio was empty, a place of grey shadows, dark but for the light from the window which served to reveal the dim outline of the easel. Straining her eyes she could just make out the canvas standing upon it—her picture, still in the same place in which she had seen it that morning.

From one of her coat pockets she produced a knife—a short, razor-sharp affair

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

with a pointed blade. For a second she hesitated; then setting her teeth she advanced and deliberately slashed the picture to ribands. Pamela did nothing by halves, and it was not until the work of destruction was complete that she bethought her of the consequences.

A sudden fear clutched at her heart as she realised that Miles Dorling, really angered, would not be a pleasant person to face. Pamela was not devoid of pluck, but somehow the prospect appalled her. Her conscience urged her to hide the results of her action. The next moment she was creeping down the deserted street, the ruined picture, half covered by her woollen coat, under her arm.

Her father's dinghy lay on the shingle; it was the work of a few minutes to push the boat into the water. Angry clouds loomed on the dull purple horizon, but Pamela heeded them not as she rowed across the harbour, and presently, shipping her oars, dropped the canvas into the sea.

The moon had come out, and a silver pathway gleamed across the inky water; the intense silence that often precedes a storm hovered in the air. The moonlight fascinated Pamela, and she rowed on, enjoying the exercise, a little thrilled by the sense of mystery and quite oblivious of the ever-receding shore, and the gusts of wind which whipped the water into angry waves.

Not until she was rounding Crag Point and a little cloud of spray smote her on the cheek, did she realise how far she had gone. With a gasp of dismay she tried to turn her boat, a task which the wind and current made exceedingly difficult. Pamela did not know that Penmorro fishermen gave Crag Point a wide berth owing to the danger of the current thereabouts. All she knew was that when she had managed to head the boat for home, it taxed every bit of her strength to keep it from being carried on to the rocks.

Inch by inch she fought her way round the point; the wind had risen amazingly, lashing the waves into foaming fury. How long she strained at the oars Pamela never knew. It seemed to her that she laboured for hours, till her arms were one intolerable ache, and she herself was drenched with spray from the waves which were now breaking over the boat. It was then that the thought of Miles came to her. Was he, too, out on this pitiless sea? Suddenly all her resentment faded—she felt she would have given all she possessed to see his strong, capable face and figure.

Pamela ceased pulling; good oarswoman as she was, she felt herself beaten, and a little sob of despair rose to her lips as she pushed back the hair which whipped into her spray blinded eyes. The moon appeared from behind a jagged cloud, and, setting her teeth, Pamela nerved herself for one last effort. It was at that moment that a boat shot out into the silver pathway of the moon. There was one figure in it—a man!

Pamela felt she would have known him anywhere. Relief and a certain sense of triumph rang in the shout which she sent forth into the night. She smiled, a faint, proud little smile, as she noted the powerful strokes with which he fought the tide and wind. A few minutes brought him to her side—a big, comforting figure in oilskins, his face wet and determined, and the light of battle in his eyes.

With considerable difficulty he got her into his boat just as a towering wave carried off Pamela's dinghy as though it were a cockle-shell.

"Never mind that!" he cried as Pamela sank down in the stern. "We shall have a fight for it—the boat must go!"

They *did* have a fight for it, a fight between human will and muscle and the relentless forces of wind and wave. The wind played with the boat as though it was a toy thing; the sea buffeted it unceasingly, and the lights on the shore were still not perceptibly nearer. Ever they drifted closer to the cliffs, and it was this fact which suggested to Miles the idea of giving up the struggle to reach the beach, and taking refuge on Cavern Rock, a rocky island separated from the cliffs by a channel of foaming water.

Pamela assented eagerly; even Miles' strength was almost at an end, and they could signal the fishing fleet for help when it returned at dawn. Yard by yard they edged in towards the Rock to where a jutting spur showed in the moonlight and offered a possible landing-place. It was a precarious foothold, for the fringing rocks were wet and slippery, and Miles had leapt ashore and was lifting Pamela to his side when the inevitable happened. A raging wave caught the boat, tossed it aloft and flung it with malicious glee against the rocks with a splintering crash.

"Bottom's stove in!" announced Miles briefly as he led Pamela to a ledge of rock and made her sit down. "Looks as if we're booked for the night now."

Pamela smiled bravely.

"I'm afraid I let you in for this," she said,

"THE BEACH PRINCESS" continued overleaf.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

trying to find a dry spot on her coat with which to wipe the salt water from her face. "It was so lovely out and I didn't notice the storm."

"No," he answered, "neither did I, but I've got some ripping moonlight effects stored away in my head, and you, I'm afraid, have got nothing but a drenching."

She shivered involuntarily as he sat down beside her, and, slipping off his oilskins, he took off his sweater and held it out to her. It was useless to protest; Pamela was enveloped in it whether she would or no, and found herself laughing feebly at its capaciousness on her own slim form.

Drenched and cold as she was, with her wet clothes clinging to her and the water from her hair dripping down her pale cheeks, she smiled up at him bravely.

"I've swallowed quarts of ocean," she said.

"Jove! but you were plucky," was his quite irrelevant remark, accompanied by a look which Pamela had never seen before on his unyielding face, a look which set her pulses racing and her heart aglow.

Miles had been on Cavern Rock previously, and with the aid of his electric torch at last succeeded in finding the cave from which the rock derived its name. There was some dry driftwood there, and in a little while he produced a very creditable fire. Together they sat beside it and warmed their chilled limbs; the flames gleamed on Pamela's red-gold hair as she shook it loose to dry, and on the intent face of the man watching her with a new, half-wistful expression. Dawn came up in a rosy glow; the wind died down to a whispering breeze, and the sea sank into a gently heaving mass of grey-green waves.

Together they watched the fishing fleet creep round the point, the sails red-brown and white, swelling in the breeze. Pamela twisted up her hair with nimble fingers while Miles waved his handkerchief as a signal of distress. A boat approached to take them off, the fishermen open-mouthed with surprise at the serenity of the rescued. Truth to tell, Pamela was strangely happy; only one thing haunted her—that was the thought of the ruined picture, and the confession which it was borne upon her she was now bound to make. She had not meant to confess, but somehow the last few hours had changed the relative value of things; her conduct suddenly appeared foolish, childish, and entirely despicable.

It was Miles' motherly landlady who put Pamela to bed, for the girl was too exhausted and weary to go on to The Haven, and, tucking her up, left her to sleep off the effects of cold and fatigue. She woke to find the rays of the setting sun falling aslant the counterpane and to hear a cheery whistling emanating from among the stocks and roses in the garden. The light of a firm resolve shone in her eyes as, having been duly fed and invested in the clothes brought by her maid, she went through the garden and entered the studio. Miles was there wandering aimlessly about.

"I want to thank you," Pamela began hesitatingly; her fingers plucked nervously at her white linen frock as she nerved herself for her confession. "You saved my life; I was just about done."

He took the hand she held out. "I think we may finish the sittings after all now that we are friends again. What do you say?"

For a moment Pamela's lips trembled pitifully. Then brokenly, but with something of her usual straightforward manner, she told him all.

"It was a hateful thing to do," she finished. "I can't think how I could have been such a heartless little wretch. I don't expect you to forgive me, but I'll sit to you again if you really care——"

"It won't be necessary," Miles interrupted her, and there was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as he went to a cupboard, and, taking out a canvas, put it on the easel. "There's nothing wrong with this, is there?"

Pamela gave a little cry of astonishment, for "*this*" was "The Beach Princess," whole and intact.

"The one you did away with was a blank canvas I had put on the easel," Miles told her, smiling. "'The Beach Princess' I had stored away before I left the studio."

"I'm so glad!" Pamela heaved a sigh of profound relief; her eyes shone like stars. "I can look you in the face now without feeling like a criminal."

He laughed, a happy laugh of sheer content, as he came to her side, and together they surveyed the picture.

"There's only one thing I should like to alter," he said, looking down at her eager, upturned face, "and that is the title."

"What would you like to call it?"

Pamela did not resist when he slipped an arm about her; her dainty head leant confidingly against his tweed-clad shoulder.

"I should like to call it 'Portrait of the Artist's Wife,'" he told her gently.

And Pamela made no objection.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

GLADYS COOPER EDITS THE "ROYAL."

For no man would I vacate this chair—at least, not *this* chair, because it happens to belong to a hotel in a foreign land where I am taking a rest (*sic*), but the one I left behind in the office. If armed men should come up against me to dethrone me I would have at them with my very large and terrible scissors, and go down fighting like de Bonnemain's cuirassiers. (Excuse the alien allusion, appropriate to my situation).

But next month I am to be superseded, dispossessed, retrenched—whatever you like to call it, *mesdames et messieurs*, and yet I am not cast down. On the contrary I rejoice, for my place is to be taken by Miss Gladys Cooper, the charming and popular actress who is so well known to you, not only on account of her delightful acting, but also through her kindhearted appeal this year on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

This is how the idea arose. While we were talking over the Fresh Air Fund appeal, Miss Cooper happened to remark that she had always been interested in the work of editing newspapers and magazines. And before I knew quite what had occurred, I found myself saying:

"Do edit the Royal for a month, if it wouldn't be too much trouble. We should all be so pleased if you would!"

And, just as impulsively, Miss Cooper consented.

So look out for the October Royal, the cover design of which will be a portrait of Miss Cooper, for I can tell you she is editing just as capably as she acts charmingly, and the number that is to appear under her direction will make journalistic history.

Photo Wrather & Buys.

Miss Gladys Cooper, who is editing next month's Royal.

OUR £1,000 PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION

booms and booms. It booms, in fact, like the detonation which occurs when a fifteen-inch gun is fired. You cannot think how excited everyone is getting about it. Every village—nay, hamlet—in the British Isles, and the uttermost Dominions beyond the seas, contains enthusiastic competitors. And you who read are one of the mighty army, are you not? Of course you are. If not—but why cast aspersions on anyone so intelligent?

THANK YOU!

Again I take great pleasure in thanking, on behalf of Miss Gladys Cooper and myself, the following readers who have so generously subscribed to her appeal for the Fresh Air Fund:

Olivette, £20; E. P. Sanger, £10; A. Burrows, £1 1s; A. R., 5s.; Sheerness, 6s.; Anon., 2s.; J. Going, £1; Mrs. Poignant, 7s.; Miss M. Marshall, £1; Dollar, 4s. 1d.; Miss M Stewart, £1; K. M. Britton, £1; N. Stewart, 9d.; B. Mahon, 10s.; Miss Frere, 10s.; A. Bickerton, 2s. 6d.; Miss Ingram, 5s.; Mrs. Richards, £1. 1s.; C. Joseph, £1; Molly Doulton, 3s.; J. T., 1s. 6d.; T. Atkins, 2s 6d.; Anon., 9d.; Mrs. F. Coulson, £1; E. Masters, 9d.; A. W., 2s. 6d.; E. Harris, 2s. 6d.; Lt.-Col. T. B. Beach, £1 1s.; Anon., 9d.; Mrs Cadman, £2; Jamb, 10s.; J. Falkner, 1s. 6d.; A. J. Craig, 6s.; A. and E. Guthrie, 1s. 6d.; R. and H. Kay, 3s.; Mrs. Rhodes, 5s.; A Sympathiser, 2s. 3d.; L. Griffiths, 1s. 6d.; Miss Oldfield, 5s.; A. M., £1; Miss Dibb, £1; P. Reynolds, £1; Anon., 10s.; K. Frere, 10s.; Miss Mosley, 3s.; Anon., £2; Wanstead, 1s. 6d.; F. M. G., 10s.; Mrs. Feaver, 6s.; Tulip, 1s. 6d.; Miss Gibbs, 1s. 6d.; Miss Edwards, £1; A. Spooner, 3s.; Anon., 9d.; M. and B. Black, 8s.; Anon, 1s.; Well Wisher, 2s.; Derbyshire, 2s. 6d.; Old Woman, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Warry, 7s.; Miss Clarke, 3s. *Collection:* Ward Room Officers H.M.S. *Gloucester*, £3.

Amount previously acknowledged, £28 19s. 9d.

May I remind you that Miss Cooper has very kindly offered to present subscribers of £1 and upwards with a charming signed portrait of herself? Will you please address all subscriptions to the Secretary, F.A.F., care of The Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY